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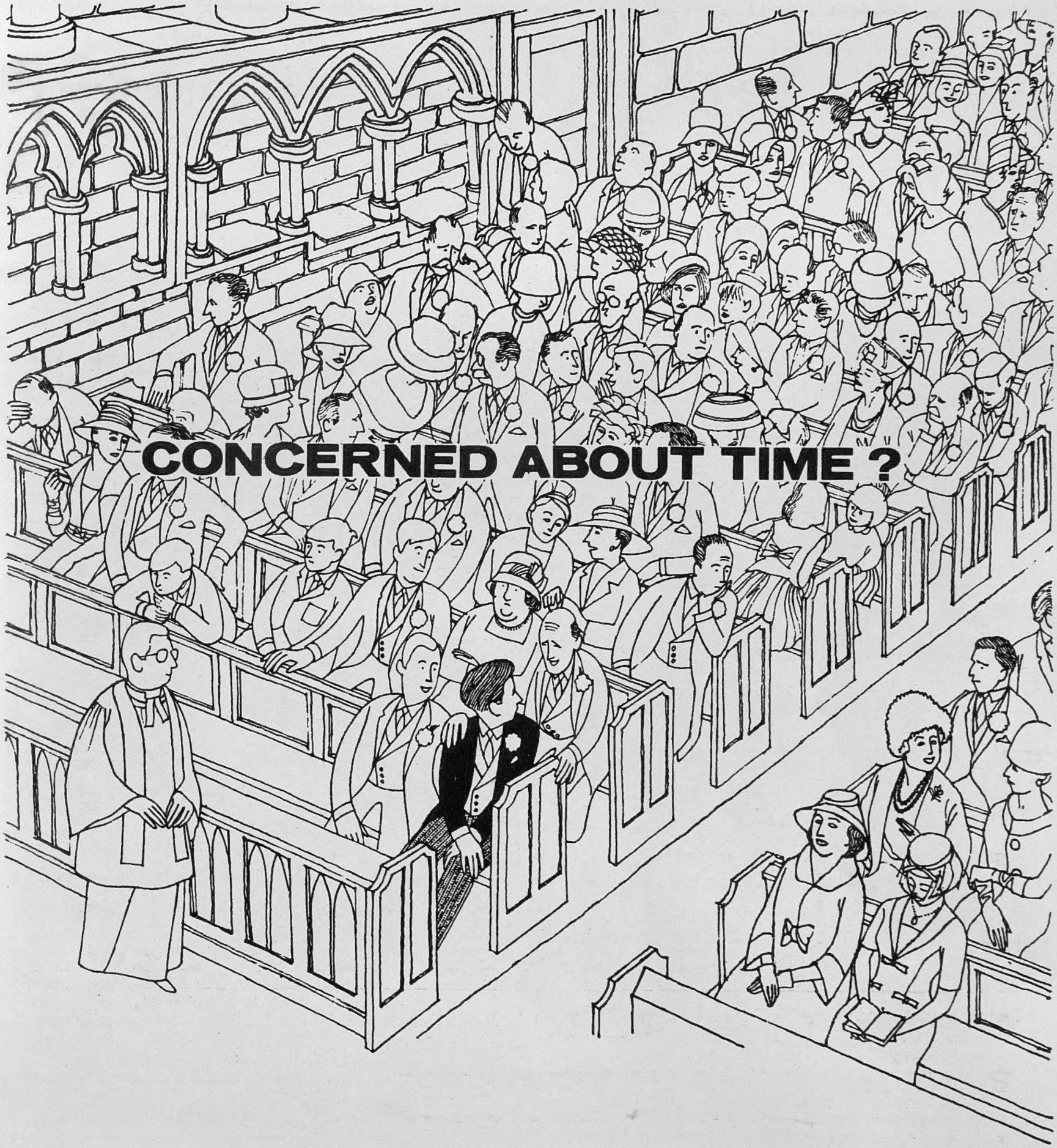

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Volume CCXLIX No. 3228

THE

SPHERE

LONDON, April 14, 1962

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CO-OPERATION AT ADEN

An R.A.F. rescue helicopter flies in to land on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier, H.M.S. *Centaur*, anchored off Aden. *Centaur* arrived at the Middle East base recently to take part in Aden Forces Week. (See page 53.) Co-operation between the Services was one of the themes of this year's Defence White Paper. It includes the principle that some types of aircraft should be common to more than one Service—that, for instance, the Navy and R.A.F. should have machines capable of flying from either carriers or shore bases. It is clear from the White Paper that the R.A.F. will have a new generation of aircraft, instead of changing over to missiles. This shift in defence policy, foreshadowed for some time, comes in a year which sees, on April 13, the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Flying Corps, Britain's first air force. The R.F.C. became the R.A.F. in 1918. In this issue is a special section commemorating the R.F.C.'s anniversary. (See pages 58 to 68)

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NEWS SUMMARY

An American plan for disarmament; politics and pay in Britain; Chinese Communists' Congress; Nasser's gesture to France; deadlock over Zanzibar

INTERNATIONAL

The American delegate to the seventeen-nation Disarmament Conference in **Geneva** tabled last week the first instalment of the U.S. draft treaty for general and complete disarmament. It consisted of a statement of the objectives and principles which will require substantive articles later. When the other instalment is placed before the conference, delegates will have two draft treaties to consider, the Russians having previously presented their draft.

GREAT BRITAIN

By-elections continue to arouse great public interest. In the **Stockton** by-election last week, Mr. W. T. Rodgers held the seat for Labour, with 19,694 votes, a majority of 7,582 over the Conservative candidate who narrowly beat the Liberal into third place. The result was in line with recent by-elections, with the Liberals taking one vote from Labour for every two from the Conservatives. The next by-election is at **Derby North,** next Tuesday, where there is a four-cornered contest, between Conservative, Labour, Liberal and an Independent. At the last general election, in a straight fight with a Conservative, Labour had a 2,407 majority.

The committee under the chairmanship of Lord Radcliffe last week reported on its examination of Britain's security system. It recommended that all Government employees should be more security-conscious and that screening of Civil Servants on exceptionally secret work should be repeated at intervals. The Committee was disturbed " at the number of Communists and Communist sympathisers who are officers of the Civil Service Trade Unions and Staff Associations," but considered that the chief threat to security came from professional Russian intelligence agents.

The five-month-long strike by Equity ended last week with an agreement whereby actors and actresses get increased fees for appearing on programmes of the independent TV companies. The agreement recognised the principle that television actors should be paid according to the size of their potential audience. Members of the nursing profession accepted, under protest, the Government's offer of a 2½ per cent. wage increase. In the Commons and in the universities, the Government's attitude to university grants and salaries came under heavy fire. The Government offered a 3 per cent. increase in salary to university teachers and proposed to allot £329,000,000 to increase the number of students from the present 110,000 to 170,000 by 1973. The sum was lower than that recommended by the University Grants Committee.

In the outbreak of smallpox among women patients at Glanrhyd Mental Hospital at **Bridgend,** in Glamorganshire, two women had died and ten others had contracted the disease by last Monday.

On the day before presenting the Budget, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd takes a walk in Buckinghamshire, near Chequers, where he was staying for the weekend. His proposals included a "speculative gains" tax and the abolition of schedule A

CHINA

Repercussions of the recent meeting of the Chinese Communist National People's Congress in **Pekin** were beginning to make themselves felt last week. Pekinologists suggested that moves had been initiated towards a *rapprochement* in the ideological dispute with Russia because of China's present economic predicament. Wide discontent among provincial leaders was reported at the Congress. One reason for this was the withdrawal of Russian technicians and aid.

MIDDLE EAST

The " spy trial " in **Cairo** came to an abrupt end last weekend after three months when the espionage charges were dropped against the eleven defendants, including four French diplomat members of a mission dealing with problems arising from the take-over of French property in Egypt. Among charges against them was that they plotted to kill President Nasser. In asking for an indefinite postponement of the trial, the Public Prosecutor gave as the reason " high policy considerations relating to the public interest." It was believed that President Nasser's gesture would lead to an early resumption of normal relations between France and the United Arab Republic.

The troubled situation in Syria continued last week after the Army take-over. Major-General Abdul Karim Zahreddin, the C.-in-C., repeated that the Army would keep out of politics and that it still proposed to form a civilian government. But by last Monday no civilian had accepted the offer to become President. Observers in **Beirut** believed that the Army's policy lay between that of the right-wing group which emerged strongest after last year's election and that of the pro-Nasser forces who want to return to the U.A.R.

ZANZIBAR

Delegates returned from the **London** conference last week with no dates fixed for independence or internal self-government. Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, gave the reason for the winding-up of the conference as being the deadlock between the two major parties over elections. The Opposition Afro-Shirazi Party, which claims to represent the Sultanate's 240,000 Negroes, demanded a new poll based on universal suffrage before self-government, which the Government parties (Zanzibar Nationalist Party and Zanzibar and Pemba People's Party) rejected. This coalition, supported by Zanzibar's 60,000 Arabs, was elected last summer on a limited suffrage. The elections were seriously marred by riots and loss of life. The Colonial Secretary's decision to conclude the conference was reported to have displeased both parties equally.

YUGOSLAVIA

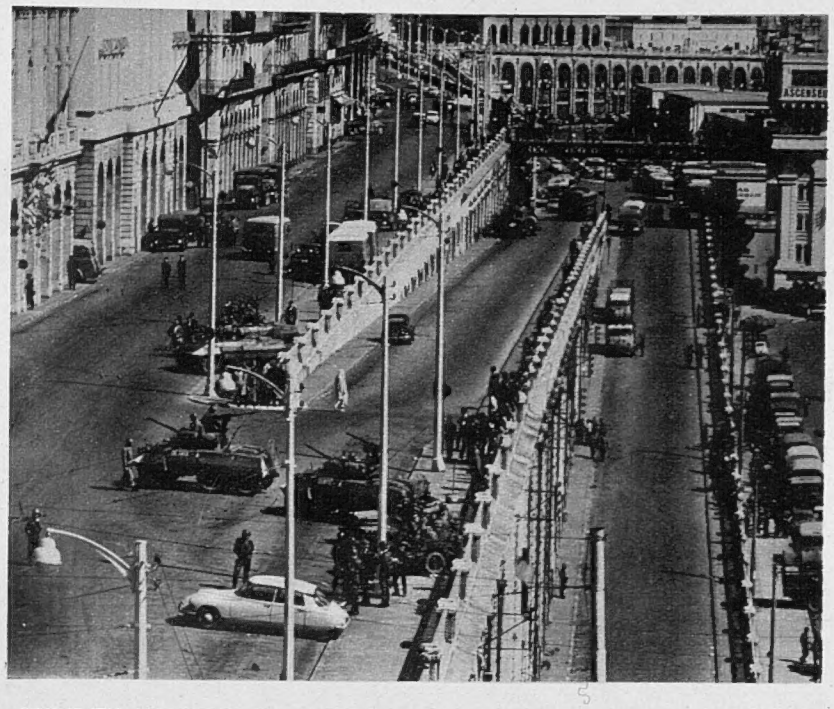
In **Belgrade** Milovan Djilas, once one of the leaders of the Yugoslav Communist Party, was reported to have been arrested again. His new book relating his conversations with Stalin at the time of the break between Moscow and Belgrade was to have been published in America next month, but after the news of the arrest, the publishers announced postponement of publication.

CUBA

The 1,179 prisoners captured during the abortive invasion of Cuba last April were sentenced to varying terms in prison after being tried by a secret court in the Principe prison in **Havana.** The sentences range up to thirty years' hard labour. Announcing the verdicts last weekend, the Cuban Government said that it would accept ransoms, totalling over £22,000,000, for the release of the men. Soon after the men were captured last year, Dr. Castro, the Cuban Prime Minister, offered to exchange his prisoners for 500 tractors. He subsequently put up his price. Under the new offer, it would be possible to buy the release of individual prisoners.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL VOTE



SECURITY MEASURES IN ALGIERS

Far left: President de Gaulle casts his vote in the referendum on Algeria in a polling booth at Colombey, where he has his home. The referendum asked voters whether or not they approved the President's measures for ending the war in Algeria and bringing peace to that country. Of those who voted over 90 per cent registered approval and this was taken as a massive vote of confidence in the President. **Left:** Heavily-armed French security forces seal off a section of Algiers after a large quantity of explosives had been discovered in the basement of the Town Hall. This was one of many incidents as tension mounted in Algeria in the days preceding the referendum, which was confined to metropolitan France and did not ask for the views of the inhabitants of Algeria. The resentment of the O.A.S. Secret Army terrorist organisation over this was expressed on referendum day in particularly violent outrages in Algiers and Oran. At least twenty-six people were killed

SIR WINSTON LEAVES FOR A CRUISE

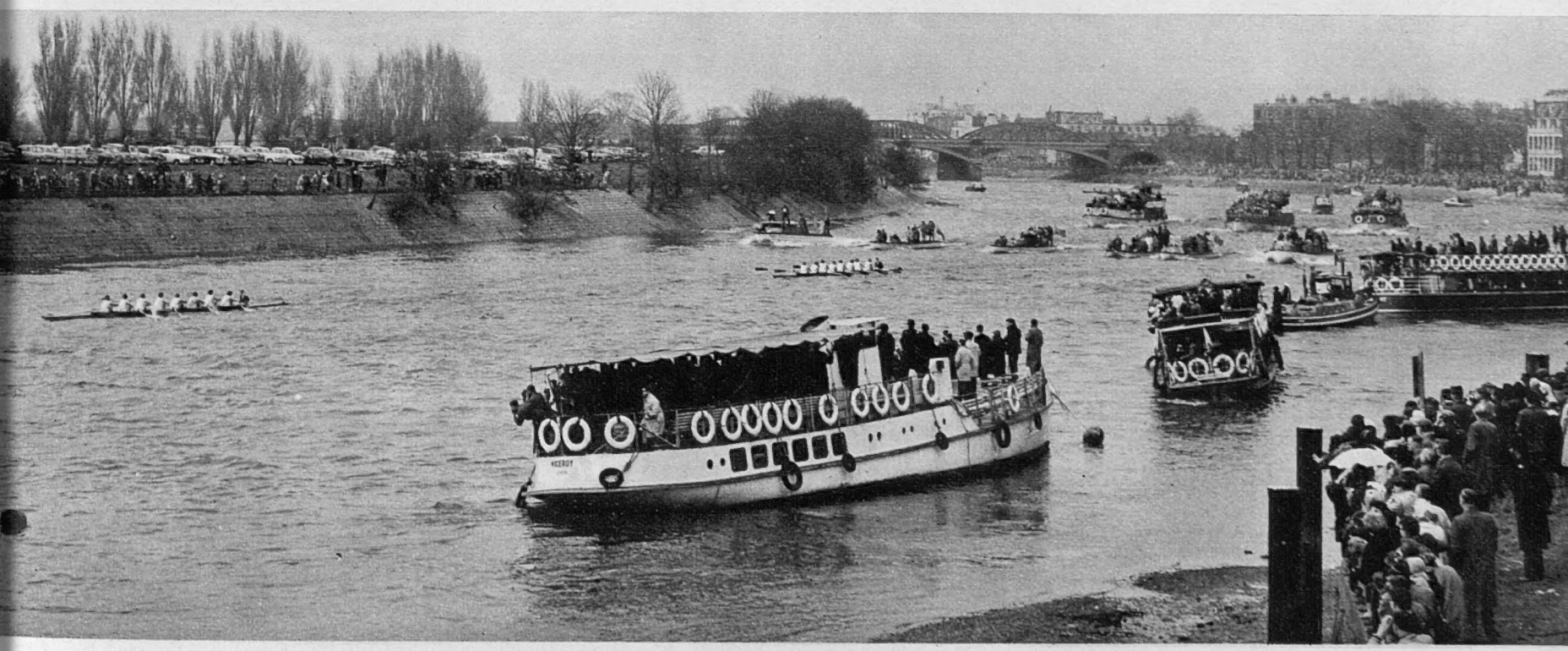
Sir Winston Churchill holds his hat to his head in a strong breeze as he leaves London Airport to fly to Monte Carlo. There he joined the yacht, *Christina*, of Mr. Aristotle Onassis, the Greek shipping magnate. Sir Winston is being accompanied on the voyage by Lady Churchill. They left Monte Carlo for Libya last Sunday, having been delayed for a short time owing to bad weather in the western Mediterranean. Sir Winston was eighty-seven last November

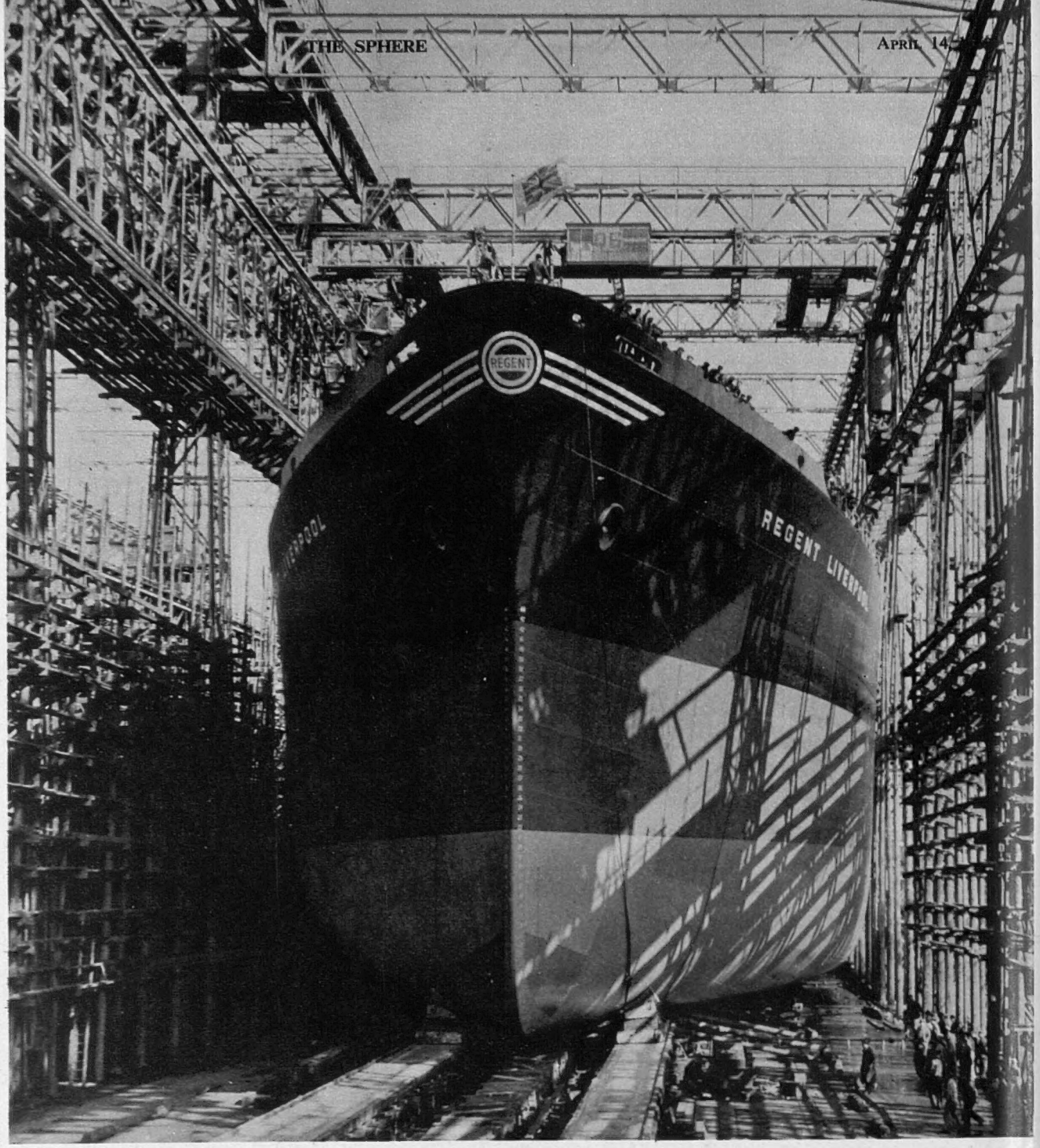
A PARTY LEADER AND HIS LIEUTENANT

Mr. Kenyatta, President of the Kenya African National Union, and Mr. Mboya, the Party's Secretary, during the closing ceremony of the Kenya Constitutional Conference in London. The conference ended last week with a limited agreement between KANU and KADU, the other main party, on equal representation in a coalition government to work out a constitution within a framework suggested by Mr. Maudling. Mr. Kenyatta will have equal status in the new Government with Mr. Ngala, leader of KADU. The parties will have seven Ministers each

THE BOAT RACE

Cambridge come up to the winning post at Mortlake to win the 108th Boat Race by five lengths from Oxford in a time of 19 mins. 46 secs. Cambridge won the toss and took the Surrey station. They went up at the start but Oxford hung on and a splendid spurt brought them almost level at Hammersmith. After this Cambridge drew steadily away. The 1962 race was notable for the fact that H. B. Budd, the American No. 6 of Cambridge, was the heaviest man ever to row in a Boat Race, his weight being 15 st. 1 lb. Another interesting point was the galaxy of Old Etonians, six in the Oxford eight and three in the Cambridge boat





THE LAUNCH OF A TANKER IN BELFAST

The *Regent Liverpool* moves down the slipway in the yard of her builders, Messrs. Harland and Wolff, in Belfast. She is being constructed for the Regent Petroleum Tankship Co. Ltd. and was named and launched by Mrs. Charles C. Dunn, wife of the managing director of the Regent Oil Co. Ltd. A 47,600-ton deadweight tanker, *Regent Liverpool* has an overall length of 746 ft. and when complete will be the 218th vessel in the world-wide fleet operated by Regent and its associated companies. She will carry crude oil and will in due course discharge at the new refinery which Regent plans to build at Milford Haven

THE 1962 MOBIL ECONOMY RUN

Below right: The Ford Zephyr of G. A. Robins and A. Burningham, winner of one of the class awards in this year's Mobil Economy Run. They completed the difficult 1,100-mile course, ending at Harrogate last week, with an average fuel consumption of 32·65 miles per gallon. The course covered rough roads in northern Scotland and passed through densely populated industrial areas in northern England. The other class winners were an Austin Cooper, with an average fuel consumption of 58·68 m.p.g., and a Ford Classic with an average of 43·19 m.p.g.

MR. MARPLES CROSSES THE PANDA

Far right: Mr. Marples, Minister of Transport, crosses the first of the new Panda crossings in the London area at York Road, Lambeth (outside the entrance to Waterloo Underground station), accompanied by Mr. A. C. Dennis, the Mayor of Lambeth. A certain amount of confusion was caused on the first day, but it was expected that pedestrians and drivers would soon become used to the new crossing. To work the Panda, the pedestrian presses a button that lights up a "wait" sign. An amber light warns drivers to stop, followed by a pulsating red light for the driver and a "cross" sign for pedestrians. After eight seconds the red light is replaced by a flashing amber and the "cross" sign also starts to flash to warn pedestrians that their time is ending. After seventeen seconds both lights go out and the driver is free to proceed

WIDENING THE PROMENADE AT CANNES

Workmen prepare a large slab of reinforced concrete to be used in a road-widening scheme at Cannes in the South of France. The road in question is the Boulevard de la Croisette, one of the most fashionable promenades of the Riviera, which runs from Cannes Harbour along the front to Cap de la Croisette. The road is being made into a dual carriageway, which is expected to be opened to motor traffic in the course of next month

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A MAMMOTH EXERCISE IN THE PACIFIC

Philippine troops go ashore from assault craft on the beaches of Mindoro Island in the Philippines. They were taking part in one of the biggest military exercises since the end of the last war. It was organised as part of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation training programme and altogether 37,000 United States and Philippine troops, seventy-eight warships and 400 aircraft were involved. The exercise was called "Tulungan" which means "mutual help." Among those who watched it was President Diosdado Macapagal of the Philippines. SEATO was founded under the S.E. Asia Collective Defence Treaty of 1954. Its members are Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, the United Kingdom and the United States

HOME SECRETARY VISITS LONDON'S POLICE TRAINING SCHOOL

Below right: Mr. Butler chats to Cadet Stuart Summerhayes at the fourth passing-out parade of the Metropolitan Police Cadet Corps at Hendon Police Training School. Centre is the Commandant of the School, Colonel N. A. C. Croft. Mr. Butler, in his capacity as Home Secretary, presented the prizes at the parade. The cadets were passing-out last week after completing an eight-months' residential course as part of their training for service in the police

MINISTERS OF AGRICULTURE CONFER

Far right: Mr. Christopher Soames, Britain's Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, talks to Herr Werner Schwarz, the West German Minister of Food, Agriculture and Forestry. Herr Schwarz was in London last week at the invitation of Mr. Soames, for discussions on the agricultural problems raised by the negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market. A statement was issued after the talks saying that both Ministers had felt the exchange of views to be "very useful"

GENERAL KAMMHUBER SEES BRITISH FIGHTERS

General Kammhuber, Inspector of the Federal German Air Force, walks with Air Marshal Sir Hector McGregor, C.-in-C. Fighter Command, to see the Lightnings stationed at R.A.F. Coltishall in Norfolk. Last week General Kammhuber visited Britain at the invitation of the Chief of Air Staff. Among other aircraft he saw the Hawker P.1127 VTOL strike fighter

"LES PARAS" IN BRITAIN

Far right: French paratroopers of the 11th Parachute Division from Nancy leave their Noratlas troop carrier after arriving at R.A.F. Station Abingdon, Berkshire. Nearly 200 of "les Paras" flew to Britain last week for a liaison parachute jump over Ringmoor Down, Dartmoor, with 150 British troops from the Parachute Regiment

The Queen watches a scientific demonstration in a classroom at Charters County Secondary School, at Sunningdale, during her visit to the school

ROYAL VISITS

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to London last week at the end of his two-month tour of South America. Before flying home in a BOAC Britannia, he visited British Honduras to see the rehabilitation work being carried out after the hurricane "Hattie." Prince Philip went to Hattieville, named after the hurricane, where 4,000 people have been rehoused. At Windsor the Duke was met by the Queen who had just returned from a 75-mile tour of Buckinghamshire. They and their children are remaining at Windsor until the end of April.

Last weekend, the Queen Mother returned to London after her tour of Northern Ireland. Among her round of engagements she opened the new Physics Building at Queen's University, Belfast, attended Downpatrick races, inspected the 9th/12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales) at Omagh, and paid surprise visits to Portadown, Lurgan and Dungannon. This was because falling snow made impossible a planned flight by helicopter.

The Queen talks to two overseas students at the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe

A presentation by the Mayor of High Wycombe

The Queen receives a present for Prince Andrew at Slough College of Further Education.

Right: The Queen Mother at Hillsborough with the Governor of Northern Ireland

Pupils of the Royal Grammar School at High Wycombe clap the Queen as she arrives at the school to mark the 400th anniversary of its foundation

After his South American tour, Prince Philip visits the day nursery at Hattieville, British Honduras. **Right:** In Belize, Prince Philip is welcomed at a children's rally

JOHN CONNELL

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD

Every time one door closes, said my wise, elderly aunt, a new door opens. Her dictum, devised (I suppose by generations of wise, elderly aunts) in order to provide an explanation for and a moral buffer against the vicissitudes of individual existence, is by no means irrelevant to the wider affairs of a nation—even a nation as ancient, as diverse and as complex as Britain.

For Britain, without doubt, a door is closing—a door on a great, rich and noble past. We stand, at the moment, in the future's empty ante-room. It is draughty and not a little alarming, and our choice of doors is severely limited. In the past (shut and bolt the door, for there is no way back) we were a great country, a major Power. Our wealth mattered, but the kind of people we were mattered a great deal more. We discovered and colonised empty lands. We built great cities out of swamp, paddy-field and bare fields; we farmed virgin country, we created industries and communications where none had been before. We took not only our practical skills with us, but our ideas about concepts such as truth and freedom, and the citizen's rights and duties; we took our language—poetry and prose—in which, generation after generation, we have sought to give expression to those ideas.

We took responsibility, we wielded authority—a little charmlessly perhaps but not without integrity, courage and decision. We tended to make small English islands wherever we went. At one time our critics reproved us for this tendency, for our aloofness and our cold, priggish superiority, and pointed out how much better the Dutch and the Portuguese, not to mention the French, did it. But in the end their mingling and our isolationism, their intermarriage and our silly, horrid clubs where the memsahibs sat about and talked snappily about "the natives" have not made a halfpenny worth of difference.

A little over twenty years ago Sir Arnold Wilson, who died (nearing sixty) as a rear-gunner in a very operational aircraft in Bomber Command, wrote: "It is a wonder of history that from this island men have gone out not merely to form a number of great, free nations, but to exercise in many regions a moral influence, often without material backing, which has brought peace to waters which for 1,000 years knew no security. That we have done so lies not in any exceptional wisdom in British methods of government, but in the fact that the instruments by whom the system is worked have been peculiarly adapted for the business in hand. The British Empire rests on men."

On his visit to Stockton, Mr. Macmillan stops for a chat in an iron and steel works

It was not a long-lived Empire, and its liquidation is nearly finished. The Colonial Office will soon be an archaism, of rather less historical interest than the India Office. But will the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Foreign Office soon be following it into dissolution? This is not an idle or academic question. The present trend, which perplexes and dismays some in this country, is not merely to have done with greatness but to surrender independence.

On to what kind of future is the door opening? The Commonwealth Prime Ministers, Mr. Macmillan told the House of Commons last week, are to be summoned to London—probably in September—to have a look through the door, and survey the possibilities of the Common Market and of a Commonwealth policy on disarmament. A Conservative anti-marketeer got cheers, but no satisfactory reply from Mr. Macmillan, when he asked that no irrevocable step should be taken in the current Common Market negotiations before the Commonwealth Conference.

The Government are determined to enter the Common Market; the Conservative and Labour Parties are both deeply divided on the issue; the Liberal Party is united and actively in favour of entry. The country's leading economists are as divided as the politicians. I, who am no economist, believe that Sir Roy Harrod's opposition to entry is correct; and politically I find it distasteful (to put it mildly) that so momentous a step can be taken without a clear electoral mandate. It may be—from the standpoint of either of the two big Parties—inexpedient to go to the country on the question of the Common Market; but I believe that it would be right. The Prime Minister, when he made his pre-by-election foray to Stockton-on-Tees, said with great conviction that the Common Market presents us with both a challenge and an opportunity. Ought not the electorate to be given a chance to say whether they agree with Mr. Macmillan?

There have been some very unguarded German references to the relationship of Britain to the European Economic Community; and there are powerful pressures in and from the United States to get Britain into the Community. Simultaneously the Americans are letting it be known that they are not in favour of Britain retaining her independent thermo-nuclear armoury, and would prefer us to rely on a "Nato-held deterrent." Military, as well as political and economic, integration into a United States of Europe is fashionable talk in Washington nowadays.

What I wonder is whether, when the new door stands wide open, and we ourselves prepare to cross the threshold, we shall like the prospect opening out before us. Do we understand the kind of people we shall become, and do we comprehend the external policies we shall have to practise?

The process of disengagement in Africa, to which I devoted a good deal of attention a fortnight ago, is only the first of the new external policies to which we shall have to accustom ourselves. Others, it should be realised, can also disengage themselves from our companionship. Sir Roy Welensky leaves little room for illusion on that score. Burma left the Commonwealth; Eire left the Commonwealth; South Africa left the Commonwealth. Why should there be screams of fury at the idea of the Rhodesias taking themselves out of an association with which they are no longer in sympathy?

It is especially difficult for someone such as myself to believe that our foreign and Commonwealth policies are at present increasing our moral stature in the world, or our capacity to influence the decisions of others. The lack of any consistent and courageous attachment to principle, in recent years, has done us (it seems to me) grave harm. Our political leadership has not been merely pedestrian or stupid; it has been sophisticated to the point of cynicism, but its decisions have too often been based on faulty moral judgements.

Do we ever stop to consider how few friends we have left in the world? In the days of our hegemony, we could afford not to care much if everybody else in the world disliked us; we were, as the saying went, under no obligation. But now we are—or we ought to be—linked to allies and friends, not on a cash basis, but because of all we have shared, endured, suffered and achieved in their company. France, however, is chilly towards us; Belgium and Portugal have taken the rough end of the disengagement stick in Africa; the United States resents and patronises its elderly, indigent relation; all the "old" members of the Commonwealth are deeply disillusioned with us, and the "new" with one or two notable exceptions, lose few opportunities of reproving us for our (in their view) lamentable past.

The Soviet Union is openly contemptuous. The Arab countries attribute all their troubles to us. The West Germans see us as mangy and down-at-heel. It is an odd experience for a people who, twenty years ago, bore with pride the burden of saving civilisation. But as we lose faith in ourselves, so we have to face the possibility of forfeiting others' faith in us. It may all be very different when we are really over the threshold. I hope and pray that it will.

Mr. Harold Watkinson, Britain's Minister of Defence, walks pensively in the sands near Aden. He was visiting British military units in the Middle East Command. The Minister's arrival coincided with the "Aden Forces Week," when the Navy, Army and Air Force stationed in the colony were at-home to the public. He also saw training exercises carried out by the armoured vehicles of the 17th/21st Lancers. Mr. Watkinson had arrived in Aden from the Far East, where he had had important talks about Commonwealth defence. In Singapore he met Mr. Athol Townley, the Australian Minister of Defence, and Mr. Dean Eyre, New Zealand's Defence Minister. In Kuala Lumpur he had discussion regarding the defence of the Malayan Federation (see also page 71). On his way to Aden, Mr. Watkinson stopped at the Royal Air Force staging-post at Gan, in the Maldive Islands

EXERCISE IN THE DESERT

b

Standard bearers in the R.A.F. Association Parade march towards the R.A.F. Memorial in London for a service to commemorate the formation of the R.A.F. in 1918

The Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, is seen during a special service in the chapel of Queen Mary's Hospital for Children in Carshalton, Surrey

A London Newsletter

13-15, John Adam Street, W.C.2.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY. The Duke of Edinburgh's South-American tour was clearly as successful as it was long. I should say it was an " embassy " differing in many ways from the usual run of pre-advertised and exactly-planned Royal tours overseas, in the sense that the good resulting from it will have a wider and more lasting effect, for the very reason that it was largely informal and democratic, impinging as it certainly did on all sorts and conditions of men, and unhedged by protocol. It is often said that our ambassadors accredited and resident in foreign countries are " rubber stamps." That can never be said of Royal ambassadors, whose visits abroad are invariably successful, and are occasions for the exchange of the highest forms of civilised and harmonising good manners, with no scintilla of politics with them. And that influence may outlast the visits for a longer period than we realise, unless politics are too urgent to be held at bay beyond the term of this Royal visit. Prince Philip's tour was so little pre-advertised, so little confined by planning and protocol, that many of us got the impression that he " did it all off his own bat."

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY. He is, of course, not remotely like any of the Sovereign's consorts in English history. He is an individualist and when in Britain, while playing his difficult role with admirable devotion and loyalty, he has always struck out on a line of his own which his character and ability claim for himself as a *man*. If he had not constantly done so, I doubt not he would have chafed at the duties of protocol that must fall to his difficult and unique position. I fancy he is allergic to protocol. If indeed, then, he decided to take a holiday, it has proved a busman's holiday. We know far too little of the life and manner of thought in these modern South-American nations. They know too little about modern England and the English. Prejudice, propaganda and unsupported rumour have seen to that. Prince Philip was chosen (or chose himself) to represent us in those *pays inconnus*, a man whom we all would choose to represent the best sort of Englishman, and I am sure he has stored away in his retentive memory an immense amount of new and valuable information about all the peoples he visited, which he will gradually release to all our spheres of activity and thereby, we hope, benefit Britain in its political and economic relations with these great countries.

EXPLORING ANCESTRAL AVENUES. " The joint committee of both Houses to consider a measure of Lords reform " is positively to be formed, to deliberate and to issue a report. Those who regard an hereditary Upper House as an anomaly or who deplore the continued broadcasting of hereditary titles as a negation of " democracy and equality " should not throw their hats in the air or deem that the bauble is removed. The committee's terms of reference are as restricted as possible, restricted within the limits of what may just possibly be agreed. Virtually it is asked to consider the case of Lord Stansgate and a possible handful of peers who may, today or tomorrow, share his grievance. I think the House endorsed during the debate a very fair and reasonable set of arguments put out that morning by *The Times*. These were (1) The hereditary principle remains today part of the legislative structure not because it is sacrosanct, or admirable, or even defensible, but because it is convenient to retain it for an Upper House in a state of transition. That state of transition will continue perhaps for decades for several reasons: there is no urgent public demand for converting the present Chamber into a Senate. A majority of the public still enjoys the pageantry of the peerage. The political parties of the left, determined that the second Chamber shall never regain its lost powers, are inclined to let the anomaly of the hereditary system gradually yield to the nation's greater awareness of its absurdity. Its debates are often wise and admirable, it has no permanent control over legislation, its Tory potential-majority is overwhelming. It is a rubber stamp of a dignified design. (2) If the " Stansgate peers " are freed to serve their country in the Commons, the structure of the Upper House will be hardly chipped. Even a bulk creation of 100 Socialist and Liberal life peers would not greatly diminish its anomalies. A Labour Government, if Mr. Gaitskell's words mean anything, would certainly ration very considerably recommendations by premiers for all types of hereditary honours, which only a few months ago Mr. Gaitskell described as vulgar, snobbish and anachronistic. But it would take generations to secure a numerical equality between the parties of the right and left—potentially. As everybody is aware, about one-eighth of the potential strength of the House of Lords performs such functions as it still possesses and " does it very well." Lê Notre's and Capability Brown's avenues, still long and grand, must be explored for decades before heavy hands and sharp axes are laid on them.

TWO FIELD MARSHALS. Lord Montgomery, who since 1945 has travelled widely and written and spoken extensively on the state of the world and of nations, offering here and there specifics for putting things right,

The view from the Victoria Embankment of a new London landmark, the Shell Centre on the South Bank. These are the central offices of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of Companies. It is believed to be the largest office block in Britain, and will eventually house about 5,000 staff previously accommodated in thirty different office buildings

Office workers are already in action in the telephone switchroom of the Shell Centre on London's South Bank

said recently in Pretoria that active soldiers should not meddle in politics. Politics, of course, often meddle with *active* soldiers, as was the case with Douglas Haig, and when war leaders lay down their military burdens, they are often still young enough to enjoy and expect active public responsibility of some kind and it may be best for all concerned if they receive it officially. These two marshals are worth a post-war comparison. Haig was fifty-seven when the First World War ended. He was loaded with honours and monetary awards. Most of his army commanders, even those judged least successful, were given responsible peacetime jobs as governors, and what-not. Nothing was found for Haig. In the war he had certainly " meddled in politics " and after it politics " meddled " with him. Like Trenchard, he was quite incapable of expressing himself in words, and as the years passed, his reputation as a soldier declined when war histories began to reveal the full horrors of his mud- and blood-baths in his obstinate campaigns of 1917. He took to golf and the championing of his surviving ex-servicemen. Montgomery was fifty-eight in 1945 and a man infinitely more vigorous and go-getting than Haig at fifty-seven. His victories were far more outstanding than Haig's and, having learned a great deal from Haig's mistakes, he has never been charged with sacrificing young lives in millions for a mistaken strategy obstinately persisted in. Unlike Haig, he has a strongly developed gift of the gab, and still seems to possess unbounded energy and no aversion to publicity. He was in the right in saying that *active* soldiers should not meddle in politics and, luckier far than Haig, he was not compelled to do so. He was trusted. The Second World War Cabinets also had learned as valuable lessons from the frailties of those of the First World War, as Montgomery learned from Haig's mistakes in the field. It is probably wiser for all soldiers, active or retired, to avoid politics, if they can.

" THE MS. IN THE RED BOX." The first requisite in a Chancellor of the Exchequer should be, but not always is, an impish sense of humour, with a touch of sadism to season it. For weeks before Budget day, advice pours in on him, veiled threats assail him, public hopes rise and fall on chance words let slip by Ministers or on implications to be read in current statistics, while he himself and his assistants and permanent officials are assumed to be burning midnight oil in the preparation of a really clever, novel and attractive brochure to put in the red box. Then the great day dawns, the Chancellor emerges from his house and holds up Pandora's box for the cameramen, according to modern custom, and announces the details of his Budget to the House and the taxpayers. Up to the moment when he flourishes Pandora's still-locked box he has enjoyed his hours as a man of destiny, a mystery-man credited with powers of life and death for the nation (no doubt laughing in his sleeve). But the moment the box flies open, he falls back into true perspective, just another modern Chancellor who has cynically stirred up and prescribed the mixture as before. It 's the same old cat, mangy and thin, that crawls out of the bag. No midnight oil was burned, no wise advice studied, let alone followed, no sympathy felt for high hopes and pathetic pleas. His only consolation, if he has the right sense of humour, impish and sadistic, is that he has the last laugh and shares it with nobody else. " Much ado about nothing " is the customary opening play for the National Theatre's spring repertory season, and Pandora's box is filled again during the weeks before Derby Day with hopes and tips. *Pereunt et imputantur.* One more Budget, one more Derby winner.

THE OLD STAGER

In the bar of his riverside pub, Sam Turner (Trevor Howard) talks to Ann Martin (Patricia Healey)

Sam talks to his wife, Mrs. Turner (Isabel Dean), whom he now neglects

An affair blossoms between Ann Martin, the lonely student, and the sympathetic Sam.

ENTERTAINMENT

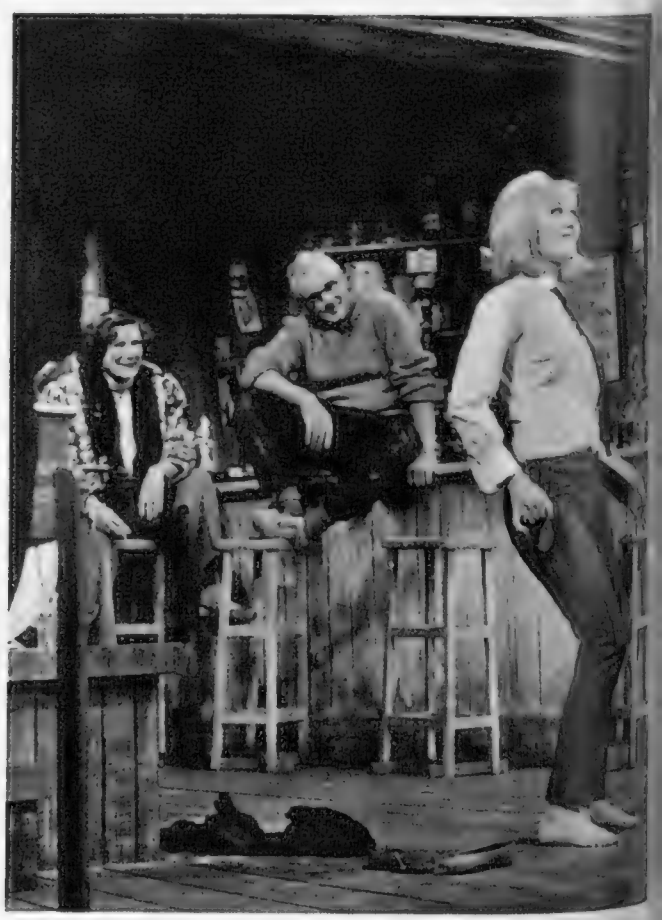
TWO STARS FOR COMFORT

at the Garrick Theatre

Whatever might be said of the present uneven theatrical season, the new plays have provided a succession of juicy leading roles. Latest of these is Sam, the cheerful philandering pub owner in John Mortimer's new play—the two stars of the title are awarded to the comfort provided by Sam to the students who come to his pub every summer. On one of his all-too-rare appearances on the West End Stage, Trevor Howard in this leading role takes all the opportunities on offer to give a highly-acclaimed performance. The plot centres on Sam's gay, successful pursuit of a lonely girl, an idyll which is abruptly ended. Written with wit and a sense of theatre, John Mortimer's play is finely played by a large cast.

Mr. Bream (Dudley Jones)

Mr. Moxer (Peter Sallis)



Right: Mrs. Arliss (Hazel Hughes); Drake (Esmond Knight); and Susan (Gabriella Licudi)

Photographs by Reg Wilson

In the bar of the pub. Right is Colonel Cardew (William Fox)

Drake and Sam are convivial

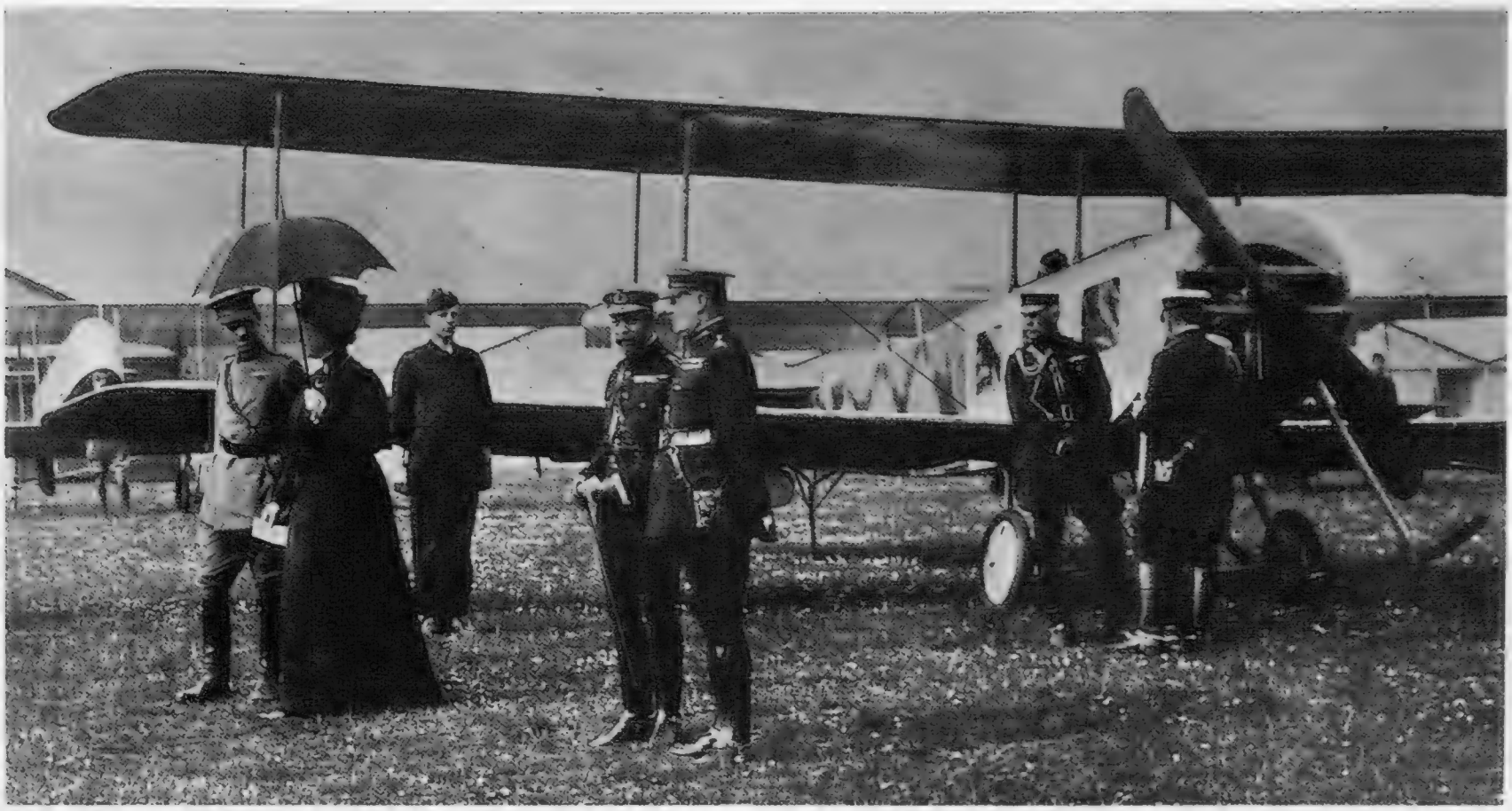
Tom (Anthony Valentine); Ann; Mr. Moxer; and Peter (David Walsh)

The appearance of Bomber Command today—the five-man crew of a Valiant jet bomber are lined up on the tarmac by their aircraft at Marham air base, in Norfolk

50th Anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Flying Corps

"IN THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH"

By **JOHN GURDON, D.F.C.,** *Captain, 22 Squadron, R.F.C.*



May 1914—King George V and Queen Mary visit the headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps at Farnborough. The historic photograph appeared in the May 23, 1914, issue of *The Sphere*. The caption describes the "vast aerodrome, on the edges of which are blocks of barracks for the men, hangars by the score, workshops and the vast pile of buildings comprised in the Royal Aircraft Factory and the airship sheds of the naval wing"

"Picture, if you can, what it meant for the first time: when the world was young and fresh and untried; when to rise at all was a glorious adventure, and to find oneself flying swiftly in the air, the too-good-to-be-true realisation of a life-long dream . . . the rapture, the glory and the glamour of the very beginning."

Although I could not immediately remember that it was Gertrude Bacon who wrote those words, they came into my mind as soon as I began thinking over this article about the fiftieth anniversary of the day when Britain's armed forces grew their first wings. So did another quotation, a line from a song once bellowed in dozens of messes by scores of lusty young voices: "I was fighting a Hun in the heyday of youth." Both these recollections are worth preserving because of the light which they throw upon a vanished world. Neither, however, can be fully appreciated apart from the fecund event which occurred just fifty years ago.

It was on April 13, 1912, that the Royal Warrant created the Royal Flying Corps, with a Military Wing, a Naval Wing, and a Central Flying School. On June 23, 1914, the Naval Wing left the R.F.C. to lead its own life as the Royal Naval Air Service. On April 1, 1918, the R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S. were reunited as the Royal Air Force. But the critical date, the natal date, is and always will be April 13, 1912.

This year, therefore, includes the fiftieth birthday of the Service which has done so much to keep our world worth living in. Those of us who happen to be survivors from the days of its infancy are quite likely to celebrate the occasion, although, let us hope, with the discretion appropriate to advancing years. Perhaps two small nightcaps instead of the usual solitary noggin. Or even three, if the party is going with a swing. And as we return for an hour to our heyday of youth, I, for one, will be thinking how well and vividly Gertrude Bacon recaptured a certain first fine careless rapture. She was a passenger in the machine flown by Cockburn, the only British competitor in the primordial international aviation meeting at Rheims in 1909. She was, therefore, one of the earliest of all pioneers in the air, and when she describes her own experience of flight in those days, she is describing the lost paradise where a few of our contemporary old gentlemen spent their later teens; a teenage lived in "the rapture, the glory and the glamour of the very beginning."

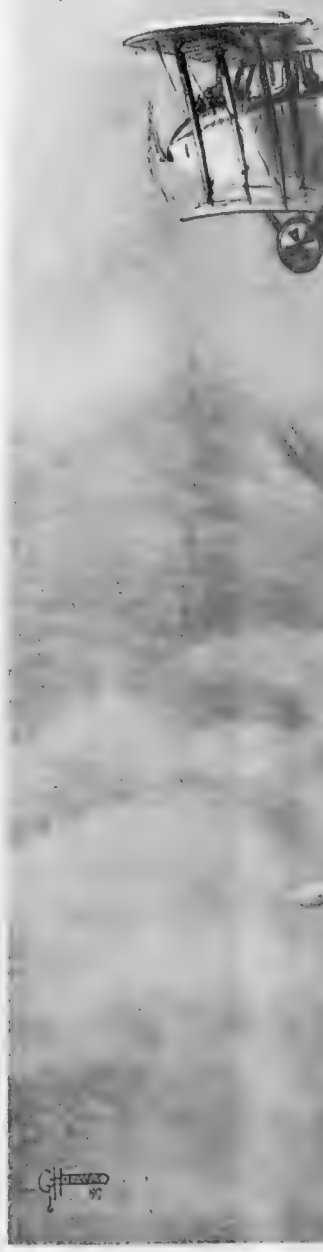
"But," interrupts a youthful voice, polite, amused and sceptical, "was there really any rapture, etcetera, and so forth, in the era of stick and string?" Here is a question which requires a carefully balanced answer, particularly in this decade when meiosis carries so much more weight than gush. To say "Yes" and leave it at that would be a falsification of history. So would an equally unqualified "No." The "Yes" denies the ugly historical fact that the First World War was bloodier and beastlier than any war has ever been, before or since. The "No" overlooks a truth which is just as historical—the truth that the air was clean and innocent until the follies of men polluted it.

Does this last statement sound exaggerated? Clean air is something we can all understand, although millions of us very seldom breathe it. But "innocent" air! Surely the second adjective is so whimsical that it hasn't any intelligible meaning? Perhaps it hasn't, in 1962. That's just the point. But it did have a meaning fifty years ago. It even had a meaning for the first few years of the R.F.C.'s existence. Flying was then a game, new, thrilling, and endlessly full of surprises; a sport which could be enjoyed with quite exhilarating freedom. No cramping air corridors. No nagging traffic controls. No tiresome working out of flight plans. Not even any landing restrictions. . . .

"Quite so," objects my courteous heckler. "Likewise no weather reports. No radar. No radio. No parachutes. And not even a hope if the engine caught fire or the wings got tired and folded up." "True enough," I agree: and I have sighed.

With that sigh a greyness blotted out the sunshine, and a chill crept over its warmth. No longer did I see the friendly fields of England, neither was I serenely sailing through the air in a birdcage pushed by an engine which clattered like a lawn-mower. The engine was now in front, hugely long, and it snarled like a tigress mumbling her kill. A gun was also in front, a gleeful little murderer which cackled, and twitched, and reeked of hot oil and burnt cordite. On the dashboard the needle of the altimeter was swiftly sinking anti-clockwise from 15,000 ft., because the machine had cocked up her tail like the flukes of a sounding whale, and the wires were shrieking at the harshness of the wind. No matter. Let them shriek. Wings didn't tear off Bristol Fighters, and a Fokker D.VII hung suspended in the ring of the Aldis sight, only fifty yards ahead of the epileptic Vickers.

(*Continued on following pages*)



This drawing by Joseph Simpson, from *The Sphere* of June 29, 1918, shows two Bristol Fighters in a dog-fight. One of the Bristols was flown by the author, John Gurdon. His gunner was Tony Thornton. The other was flown by Alfred Atkey. His gunner was George Gass

Billy Bishop was one of the greatest aces

50th Anniversary of the foundation of the R.F.C.

"IN THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH"

(*Continued from previous page*)

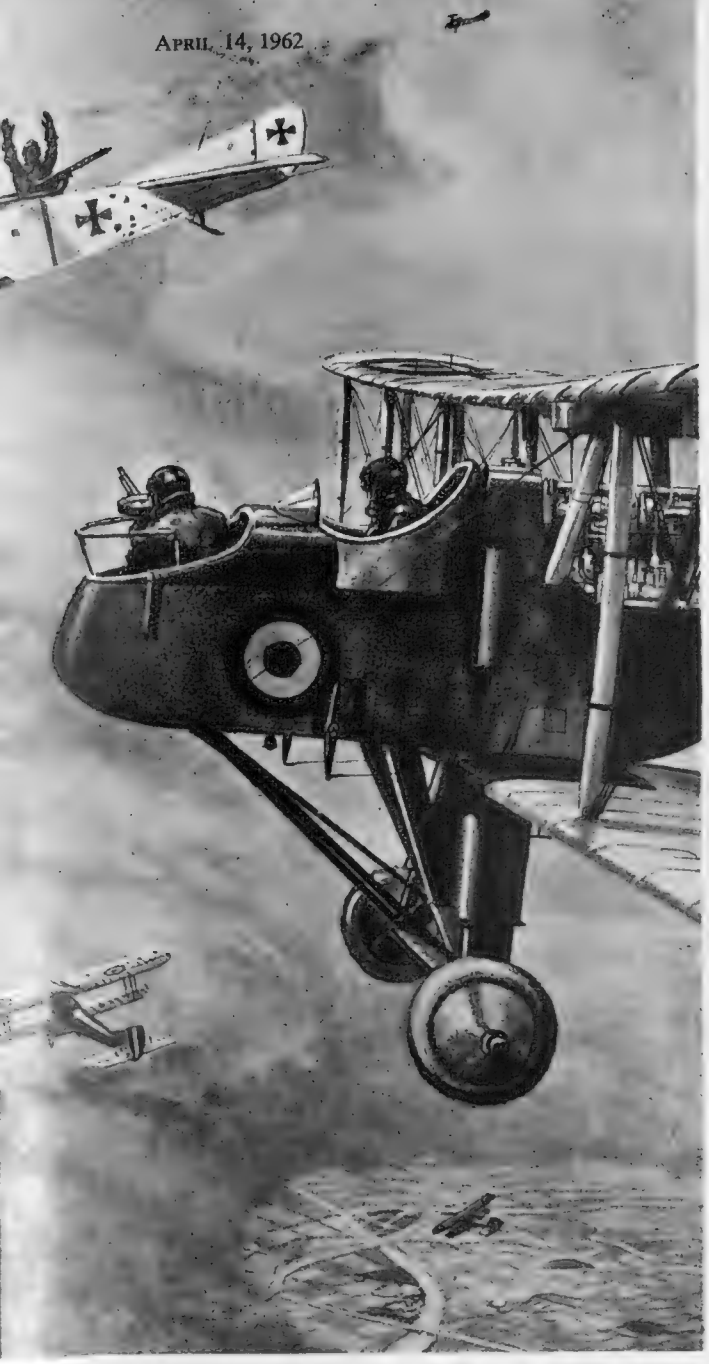
I should have said that there used to be a Fokker fifty yards ahead. Five seconds ago a bullet through the petrol tank changed it into a flame-petalled flower which fell quite slowly, trailing a stalk of smoke. Because my eyes followed it down I never saw the black-crossed triplane which sneaked up under our tail and loosed off a burst that ripped through the floor of my gunner's cockpit, close behind me. He fell back against my head, clutching at the air with gauntleted hands, before crumpling up and sagging over the mushroom-topped seat beneath his gun.

It was then that my Vickers jammed and the German pilot knew that he had us cold. As though at the end of a tow rope he clung to our tail, firing short bursts that frayed the wings and ricocheted from the engine cowling. But the limp body in the back seat was not dead. Uneasily he stirred and staggered to his feet. Looking over my shoulder I could see that his jaw hung down. As he stood up, a dark red jelly-like mass slid from the lap of his flying-coat on to the floor. Swaying drunkenly he pushed up the goggles from his eyes with one hand, and felt round the mounting with the other until his fingers closed blindly on the spade-grip of the Lewis gun. He laid his cheek against it and aligned his sights. The Lewis clamoured while the tracer leapt across. Swerving aside the triplane stalled and began to spin. After three turns the wings came off. Instinctively I watched for a few seconds before looking into my gunner's cockpit again. He was lying on his stomach across the seat, his knees gathered in close underneath him, his arms held limply up by the bracing wires. I throttled back the engine and shouted, but received no reply.

There was nothing in the least bit remarkable about this episode. On the contrary it was typical. That is one of the reasons why I record it now, on this birthday occasion. Between 1914 and 1918 many thousands of other boys—enemies as well as friends—fought and died the way Jim Scaramanga did in the light and sweetness of that sunny June morning.

". . . I was fighting a Hun in the heyday of youth. . . ."

Once upon a time that was a cheerful sort of song, but I doubt if many of our reunions of the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S. will feel like reviving it this year. No. Not even when we remember that rapture, glory and glamour did also flourish in the very beginning. Just for a little while.



The G. H. Davis drawing, from *The Sphere* of July 7, 1917, shows a German aircraft surrendering to a British pusher biplane. The incident occurred when the German's gun jammed

A British two-seater loops during a dog-fight, painted by Montague Black in August 1918. Dog-fights sometimes involved over 100 machines and filled the sky up to 18,000 ft.

British aircraft strafe a German trench in this drawing by Joseph Simpson, published on October 5, 1918

50th Anniversary of the foundation of the R.F.C.

FIRST STEPS IN MILITARY FLYING

By **BRIGADIER P. W. L. BROKE-SMITH, C.I.E., D.S.O., O.B.E.**

The Cody man-lifting kite in the air in 1905

Military ballooning was practised in Napoleon's time, and captive balloons were successfully employed by the Federals in the American civil war. But the British Governments of the day were always among the last to realise the possibilities of aircraft, so ballooning was not officially started in the British Army until 1878. A quaintly-named organisation, the Balloon Equipment Store, was then formed at Woolwich by the Royal Engineers in conjunction with Captain J. L. B. Templer of the Middlesex Militia, to experiment in the construction and operation of military balloons.

Between 1882 and 1891 the balloon establishment was at Chatham, as the School of Ballooning. The first regular air unit, the Balloon Section R.E., was formed in 1890, and in 1891 the whole establishment moved to Aldershot, where a new balloon factory was set up on the bank of the Basingstoke canal. Balloons from Chatham were employed in the Sudan expedition of 1885, and four Balloon Sections took the field in the South African War.

Balloons remained our only aircraft until 1904 when they were supplemented by Cody man-lifting kites. After that the Balloon and Kite Companies could put up an observer in conditions from a calm to winds up to 60 miles per hour.

After the advent of the internal combustion engine in the latter years of the nineteenth century, airships followed by aeroplanes became practicable over the turn of the century. Following three years of agitation by Colonel Templer, reinforced by Colonel J. E. Capper, R.E., who commanded the R.E. air establishment from 1903 to 1910, sanction was given in 1905 to the transfer of the factory and the air establishment headquarters from the cramped and circumscribed site at Aldershot to Farnborough Common.

Here a larger factory with increased facilities (although less than had been asked for owing to the sceptical Government policy), with room for expansion, and with clearable open country necessary for aircraft operation at its doors, was finally established in the winter of 1905-06. At the same time the R.E. personnel and equipment moved to barracks in the vicinity. The factory later became the Royal Aircraft Factory, and the present Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough inherits from it.

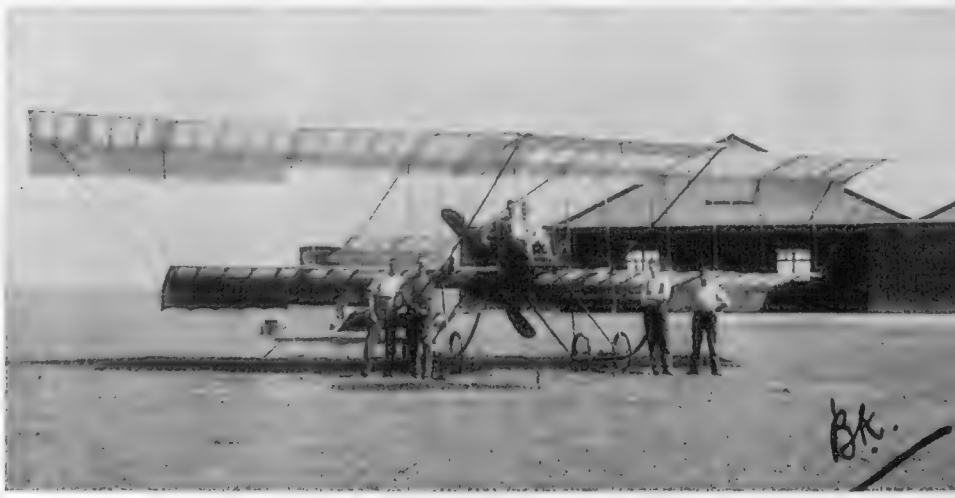
From 1906 the construction and operation of Army airships could proceed, and as grudging sanction was given, aeroplane experiments and flying were taken up. The first Army airship, the Nulli Secundus, took the air in 1907. Of elementary construction, she had a brief but useful life; she made a trip over London on October 5 which caused much excitement as she circled St. Paul's.

Nulli Secundus was followed in 1910 by two more small non-rigid airships, H.M.A. Beta and H.M.A. Gamma. Beta was the progenitor of the Blimps which played an important part in coastal reconnaissance and submarine spotting in the 1914-18 War, and the first aircraft wireless trials in this country, following upon experiments in free balloons, were carried out in her. Gamma was equipped

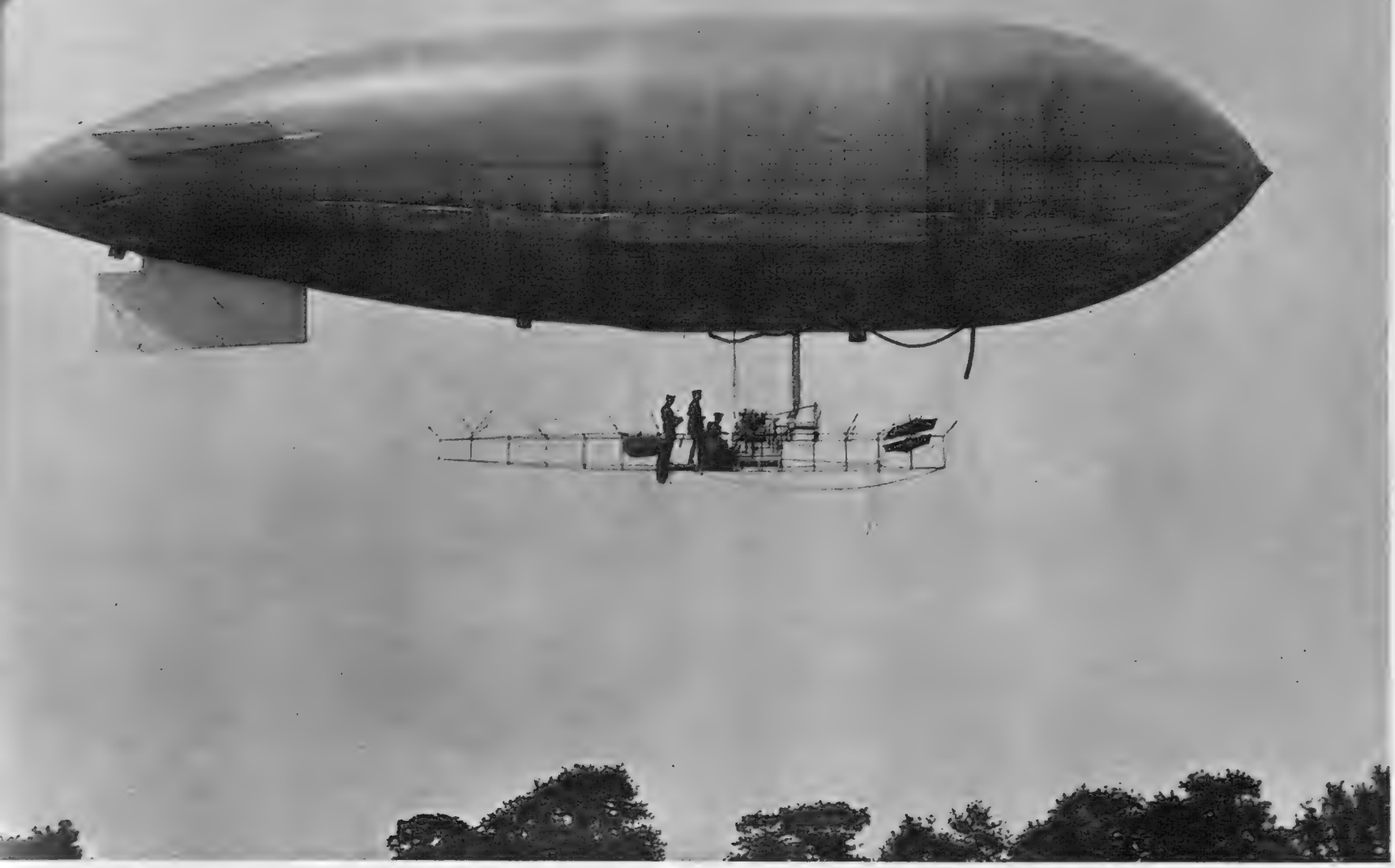
The Cody Army biplane at Farnborough early in 1909

The Dunne biplane being flown by Captain A. D. Carden, R.E., in 1912

Lieutenant R. A. Cammell's Blériot XXI monoplane at Larkhill, in 1911



One of the Bristol Farman-type biplanes at Larkhill, in 1911



H.M. Airship Beta in 1910, with the author at the helm

Photographs on these two pages are reproduced by courtesy of the Institution of Royal Engineers and of The Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough

with swivelling propellers, the first practical example of that device; they facilitated rising from or descending into restricted spaces, and the important conservation of ballast and gas.

In 1907 the experimental construction in the balloon factory was allowed of two aeroplanes, the inherently stable, arrow-head biplane of J. W. Dunne and S. F. Cody's " tail first " biplane with front elevator but no supporting surface in the tail, which was akin to the original Wright pattern. Funds for military aeronautics continued to be rigidly restricted, and the Dunne design could not succeed until more adequate engines than those available for it from the limited resources of the balloon factory could be obtained. Cody got his biplane to fly, and on October 16, 1908, he achieved the first authentic sustained power-driven flight in Great Britain, of a little over a quarter of a mile, at Farnborough.

In April 1909 the War Office prohibited further aeroplane experiments as the expenditure on the Dunne and Cody aeroplanes, amounting to £2,500, was considered to be too great! On their departure, Cody and Dunne were allowed to take their ex-Army machines with them. Cody subsequently took part in many contests and made a number of records. He gained the first place in the British military aeroplane trials in July 1912 (the Royal Aircraft Factory BE2 biplane designed and flown by Geoffrey de Havilland put up a better performance, but it was ineligible for the award as it was a Government machine).

The Dunne aeroplane became very successful, and a machine of this design flew across the Channel in 1913. It was, however, slow, and was not sufficiently manœuvrable for air combat; with the outbreak of the 1914-18 War and concentration upon production of more orthodox types the Dunne design was dropped. But some of its features were revived in aeroplanes of many years later.

By 1911 the British Government had come to realise the importance and future of aviation, and on April 1 of that year the Balloon School was reconstituted as the Air Battalion R.E., with the duty of training officers and men in the handling of all forms of aircraft; flying was now officially included in the functions of the air branch for the first time. The establishment of the Air Battalion totalled 190 officers and other ranks; the officers included six of other arms of the service. A little later, to facilitate expansion, an Air Battalion Reserve was instituted of officers who had obtained pilots' certificates at the civil flying schools. Ten of these were subsequently attached to the Air Battalion.

The aeroplanes at first comprised a Henry Farman pusher biplane and two, increasing to six, Bristol Farman type biplanes; this type was suitable for the early training of newly fledged pilots. For trial and for the further training of the pilots one each of promising advanced and faster types were progressively added. These included a Blériot XXI monoplane, a Breguet all-metal frame tractor biplane (the first of the kind), Nieuport, Deperdussin, and Bristol monoplanes, and the Aircraft Factory-made B.E.1 tractor biplane, the first of the genus that attained much success in the 1914-18 War, which was handed over to the Air Battalion in March 1912.

Owing to the accidents which were not uncommon in those days, the frequent engine overhauls necessary and delays in the supply of new machines, the number of effective aeroplanes never exceeded nine.

Lieutenant R. A. Cammell, R.E., had in 1910 flown an early, type XII, parasol Blériot monoplane, which had been presented to the Army by a patriotic donor in default of the provision of aeroplanes by the Government. It was known as the man-killer, and crashed when Cammell was flying it from Larkhill to Farnborough for overhaul, in December 1910.

Thereafter Cammell bought himself the Blériot XXI and flew it with the Army aeroplanes. It was a side-by-side two-seater, then a novelty, and it was unusually well equipped with instruments, in contradistinction to other aeroplanes, whose pilots had to make do with a revolution counter and a ballooning aneroid barometer to give the height, tied on to the machine, until an altimeter and other instruments could be obtained. The Blériot became Army property after Cammell was killed in a flying accident in another aeroplane, in September 1911.

Like their confrères in the airship company, who developed the potentialities of airships, including night flying, at that stage a prerogative of airships, the aviators made the most of the aircraft available to them, and progressed in proficiency, undertaking many journeys afield.

After the international crisis of the late summer of 1911 the British Government decided to go ahead with the organisation of a fully fledged air arm. The result was the formation in the spring of 1912 of the Royal Flying Corps.

The R.F.C. was initially constituted with a Military Wing, which inherited from the Air Battalion R.E., and a Naval Wing which was developed from the party of Naval officers and ratings who had been flying at Eastchurch since March 1911, together with a Central Flying School at Upavon. The naval wing soon became the Royal Naval Air Service, and the sub-title military wing ceased to exist.

The R.F.C. originally contained three squadrons—No. 1 (airships), which was located at Farnborough and was formed from No. 1 company of the Air Battalion (the establishment being made up by outside recruitment); No. 2 (aeroplanes), and No. 3 (aeroplanes), which were respectively stationed at Farnborough and Larkhill, and were similarly formed from No. 2 company. In 1914 all airship activities became the business of the Navy. The R.N.A.S. took over the Army airships with their officers and some of the personnel, and No. 1 Squadron was reconstituted as an aeroplane squadron.

In 1912 the Royal Flying Corps officially took over from the Air Battalion, and the responsibilities of the Royal Engineers for military aeronautics, which they had pioneered from the era of balloons through the infancy of flying machines, ended. *Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt* had given place to *Per ardua ad astra.*

50th Anniversary of the R.F.C.

FIRST WAR IN THE AIR

By **JOLYON WIMHURST**

The year 1912 was an important turning-point in the history of aviation; it not only saw the formation of the Royal Flying Corps, but also in that year came the first flight at over 100 m.p.h. and the growing ascendancy of the biplane over the monoplane. These events set the pattern for the 1914-18 war, the crucial period when the aeroplane left the growing pains of its adolescence and entered the confidence of manhood. Of paramount importance in the development of military aircraft in these years was the work of the Royal Aircraft Factory (then called the Army Aircraft Factory) at Farnborough.

Farnborough by 1912 was flying the B.E.1 and B.E.2, tractor biplanes rapidly becoming the standard type of British small aircraft. And in 1912 came the B.S.1, largely designed by Geoffrey de Havilland, which can be claimed as the first fast single-seat scouting aircraft in the world. This claim is disputed by the supporters of the Sopwith Tabloid, which appeared in the following year and was designed by Harry Hawker and F. Sigrist.

In the period immediately before 1914, with the major powers actively preparing for war, aircraft developments continued. Nevertheless few people realised the potential of the aeroplane as a fighting machine as opposed to a reconnaissance machine, working closely with the Army. At the outbreak of hostilities, Britain could muster 65 aircraft, France 155 and Germany 260. In Britain, the aircraft industry could hardly be said to exist. Besides Farnborough there were some independent, small firms employing a few hundred workers.

Of the aircraft that Britain had for military purposes some were French Blériots, basically similar to that used by Blériot for his epic crossing of the Channel. Typical of these first aircraft for the R.F.C. were the Farnborough B.E.2's and their developments. They were two-seat unarmed reconnaissance biplanes, made of wood and fabric, with a wingspan of about 38 ft. and a length of nearly 30 ft. They had a top speed in the region of 70 m.p.h. A B.E.2 was the first British aircraft to land on the Continent at the outbreak of war. The first aircraft were only armed with a rifle or revolver fired by the observer. Later they gained a not very efficient sideways-firing machine-gun. It was then realised that more efficient armament was needed, so the two-seater pusher biplane was revived (with the engine behind the pilot and the propeller revolving between the lattice work carrying the tailplane).

In 1915 came the innovation which transformed the whole appearance of aerial combat. This was the appearance of the German Fokker Eindecker single-seat scout, designed by the Dutch designer Anthony Fokker. The Eindecker had a forward-firing machine-gun shooting between the propeller blades by means of an interrupter gear. The Eindecker was in effect a flying gun platform which could be aimed at the enemy. A fast, manœuvrable, single-seat scout, it reigned supreme on the Western Front in the summer and autumn of 1915, flown by the early German air aces.

To combat the Fokker "scourge," the R.F.C. and the Royal Naval Air Service (R.N.A.S.) used the pusher biplanes like the Vickers Gunbus, and the French Nieuports and Scouts. In 1916 the R.F.C.'s first complete single-seat scout squadron was formed with D.H.2 pusher biplanes. The pattern of war in the air was becoming clearer. Aircraft continued to be used on a large scale for reconnaissance and shell-spotting, shooting down balloons and running messages, but these slow aircraft were at the mercy of the fast, nimble fighting scouts and had to be protected by fighting scouts of their own side. Between these scouts were fought the dog-fights on the Western Front, conducted with a dash and chivalry and freedom, markedly lacking on the ground as the two sides became locked in the massacre of trench warfare.

This *Sphere* drawing by G. H. Davis of April 13, 1918, shows various types of fighting aircraft used in the 1914-18 war

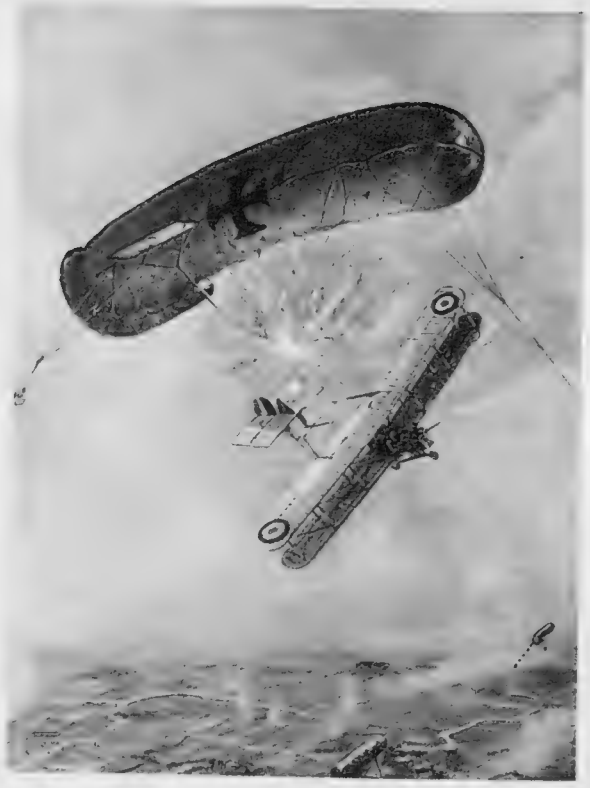
By mid-1916, the British had fitted aircraft with machine-guns firing through the propeller. The first of these to appear was the Sopwith 1½-strutter two-seat biplane in May 1916. This was one of a long series of Sopwith aircraft which included the Camel, perhaps the most manœuvrable conventional aircraft ever to be built. Known affectionately as a "fierce little rasper," it first appeared on the Western Front in July 1917, shortly before Passchendaele. By the end of hostilities, 4,188 had seen service and had accounted for more enemy aircraft than any other single type. With a wing-span of only 28 ft., the Camel had a top speed of round about 120 m.p.h. and could climb at 1,000 ft. a minute.

Another of the remarkable Sopwith aircraft was the Sopwith Triplane, known as the Tripehound. It was flown by the R.N.A.S., including the famous "B" (Black) Flight of R.N.A.S. 10. In a picturesque period, the pilots of "B" Flight were among the most flamboyant. Their aircraft were painted all-black and named Black Maria, Black Roger, Black Sheep, Black Death and Black Prince.

Aerial warfare had entered the time of mass dog-fights, of "circuses" led by famous aces and of brilliantly decorative aircraft. On September 17, 1916, Boelke led the first large formation of German scouts organised as a circus to cross the allied lines. In the following months advantage in the air swung from side to side as new types appeared. German successes culminated in "Bloody April," 1917, when Baron von Richthofen in his Albatross D.III, painted pillar-box red, with white-outlined crosses, led Jagdstaffel 11 on the rampage.

But the R.F.C., with more and more new aircraft, never suffered as much again in the

Repairing a monoplane during the 1912 Army Manœuvres



A German observation balloon is attacked by a British pusher

1918—Officers of the newly-formed R.A.F.

war. Outstanding besides the Camel were the Bristol Fighter Type F.2B (a heavily-armed two-seater capable of 122 m.p.h. at 5,000 ft. and perhaps the finest all-round fighting aircraft of the war); and the Farnborough-designed S.E.5 scout, the best of British single-seaters with an in-line engine. (The typical snub-nosed scout, like the Camel, had a rotary engine.) At the same time as the scouts and two-seaters were developed into complex fighting aircraft, there were the parallel developments of bombers, including the light day-bombers of the D.H.9 type, capable of carrying a bomb-load of 450 lb. at over 100 m.p.h. and the twin-engined Handley-Page 0/400 bomber, which could fly at 60-70 m.p.h. for eight hours, carrying a bomb-load of nearly 1,800 lb.

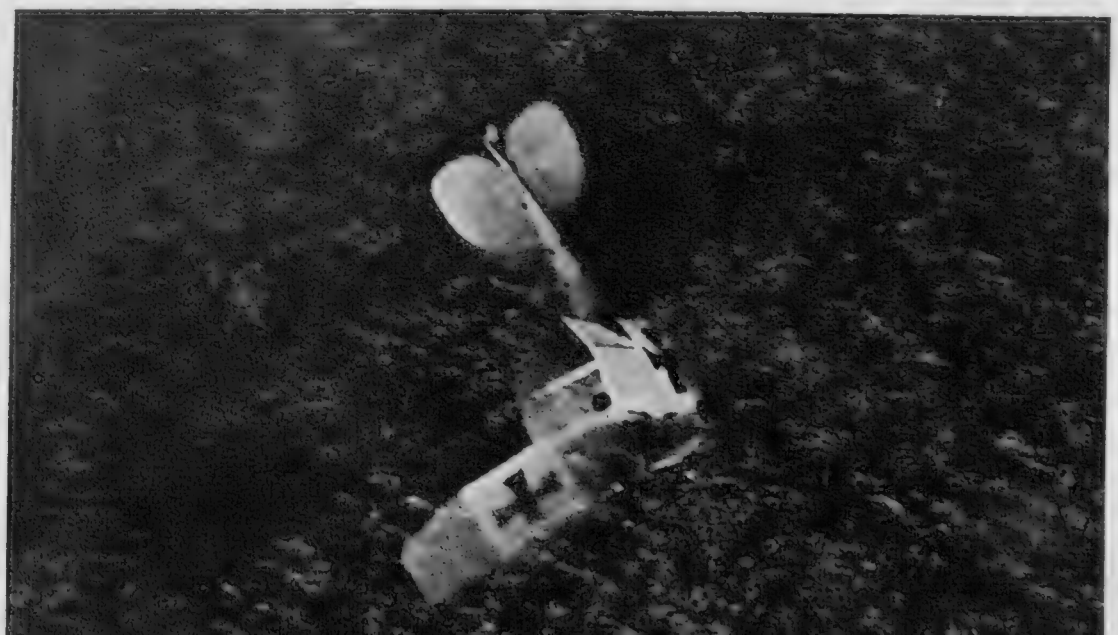
By the Armistice, the British aircraft industry was employing nearly 350,000 men and women. Radio communication with aircraft, aerial photography and many instruments had been developed. Farnborough played a leading role in a number of inventions, including guns, corrected bomb-sights, superchargers, and the two-pitch airscrew. One should say in fairness that some of the most far-reaching technical developments of the war, including the use of metal structures and the cantilevered wing, were the work of the German aircraft industry.

It was only fifty years ago that the R.F.C. was formed and some of the leading aircraft designers are still connected with the industry they helped to bring about. So rapid has been the pace of revolution that it was only twenty-five years after the R.F.C. began that Frank Whittle's first experimental jet engine ran for the first time on April 12, 1937.

July 1917—a fascinating photograph of the aircraft of Baron von Richthofen's circus at their airfield

A British biplane caught up in telephone wires

A probably unique photograph, taken by an Allied airman, of a German aircraft crashing into the Channel



The Hawker P.1127 vertical take-off strike aircraft, the first VTOL strike aircraft in the West designed for operational service, hovers during a test flight. This technically advanced aircraft is powered by a Bristol Siddeley Pegasus lift/thrust ducted fan engine, using movable jet nozzles

50th Anniversary of the foundation of the R.F.C.

BUILDING MILITARY AIRCRAFT

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Until 1957—during the first half-century, roughly, of its existence—the main purpose of the British aircraft construction industry was still the development and production of manned military aircraft. It was then, abruptly and disconcertingly, told that there would be no further manned military aircraft required. The jolt administered by Mr. Duncan Sandys's famous, or infamous, Defence White Paper of 1957 was considerable, though, perhaps, not quite as devastating as was then suggested; it was followed by a rationalisation of the industry's structure under *force majeure*—openly avowed governmental pressure to amalgamate.

The amalgamations took place; the predicted rundown in manpower in the industry did not. Equally, it became clear that Britain's partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation were not following its initiative in declaring against further manned aircraft. Britain's aircraft opportunities, moreover, were becoming increasingly tied up with Nato; and while Mr. Sandys's *diktat* has never been quite disavowed, it is clear that Britain itself will be developing at least some more manned aircraft. Indeed, the missile development, and production over to which it was five years ago suggested that the industry would have to switch its military efforts, is at present one of the sectors in it affected by cancellation of orders and redundancy.

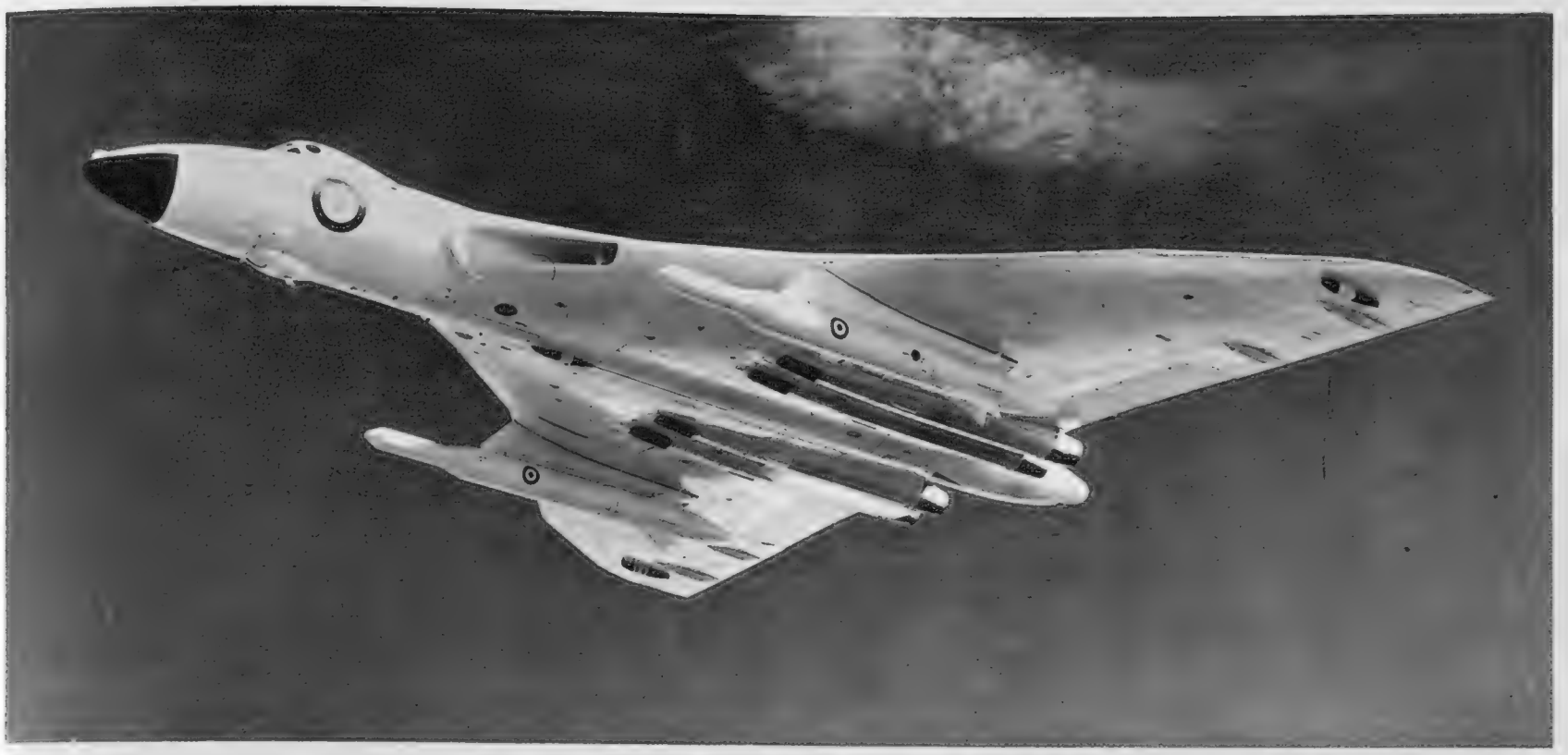
Reorganisation of this industry into five basic groups—two making fixed-wing aircraft, one making helicopters, and two engine manufacturers—has been carried through more smoothly at the level of management than many people believed possible when the process was initiated four years ago. As going industrial concerns, there is little doubt that the groups are better based to compete internationally than were the very mixed bag of manufacturers from which they came together in the middle '50's. So far as employment is concerned, there has been little change in the industry's labour force, which has even recently been rising a little. The one vital segment of the industry where there has been some redundancy and a good deal more under-employment and uncertainty about the future is in the industry's design teams. Its future depends mainly upon these brains—who are in demand elsewhere and can be lost to other countries; and at present they are somewhat short of projects upon which to exercise their technical imagination. The most demanding of these, in the past, have been military projects.

For the next few years, military demands upon the development of new aircraft seem likely to be concentrated upon specialised fighter and strike aircraft and upon military transport aircraft. In our own services and the British industry there is nowadays more hope than there was that the present generation of V-bombers, expected to be in service until the end of this decade, may eventually be succeeded by other aircraft and not by missiles; but that requirement is several years away. The immediate demand is for tactical aircraft—and from now on, basically, aircraft that can operate without conventional landing-strips—and for military transports to give Britain and her allies the rapid mobility required in dealing with minor eruptions of hostilities at many points around a world-wide perimeter.

The specialised fighters and strike aircraft have little in common with the development of civil aircraft that is the industry's other great concern, beyond an influence in drawing even greater power and refinement from the manufacturers of aero-engines, and incidental lessons about common problems such as supersonic behaviour, vertical and variable lift, and the behaviour of newly-developed materials. The military transports are much more closely linked with civil aircraft.

In Transport Command at present, for example, the Royal Air Force operates Britannias, Comets, and Argosies; only its Blackburn Beverley and Handley Page Hastings have remained more specialised "military vehicles." Orders have been placed for Vickers VC10s to strengthen the R.A.F.'s capacity for high-speed transport, and also for the very heavy Belfast transport aircraft now being built by Short Brothers. British policy for medium-weight transport at high speeds has been to order military versions of proved civil aircraft; this contrasts with the United States, where many of the presently successful airliners have been developed from military transport planes after lengthy testing and modification.

Transport requirements for the British services somewhat resemble those of the American; long distances have to be covered to deal with an international chain of bases and areas of responsibility. The needs of Nato in Western Europe generally call for short-distance operation, and have been met by medium-range transports developed and manufactured



An Avro Vulcan B2 four-jet bomber equipped with aerodynamic replicas of the Douglas air-launched Skybolt ballistic missile

A feature of the Hawker P.1127 is its large air intakes

The first of five Comet 4Cs (with four Rolls-Royce Avon engines) for Transport Command on its maiden flight

by French and West German firms working together. But American, British and Continental manufacturers, alike, are in the competition for one major Nato requirement—a short take-off battle transport. The French Government, which has commitments to secure production in a number of its own factories, has a specification somewhat diverging from that agreed by Nato; but Britain, with designs by the BAC group and by Armstrong-Whitworth, and Germany, with an important consortium centred on the Focke-Wulf organisation, are developing designs specifically for Nato's needs.

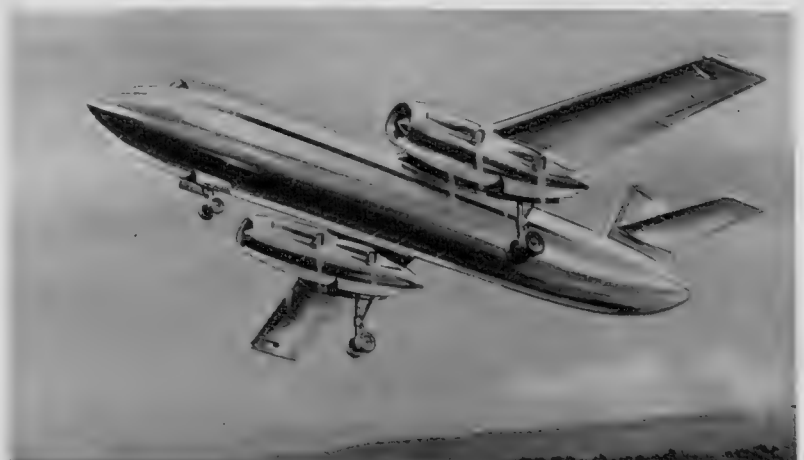
The same is true in the case of Nato's other main requirement, the single-seat strike aircraft. For the first "phase" of this programme, Britain's Hawker P.1127 vertical take-off strike aircraft is being further developed; but this is an aircraft with a speed just over that of sound, while the eventual requirement, for the late '60's, is for one of considerably higher speeds. For this Hawker and Focke-Wulf are working together; Short Brothers will be competing, too, probably with a British or Continental partner; there are also French and German contenders, while Fokker and the American Republic Corporation are working on an extremely advanced fighter.

How confidently Britain's builders of military aircraft can hope to gain success in this competition it is impossible to judge. It is probable, of course, that whoever succeeds, even so far as the airframe is concerned, will do so only in partnership with foreign builders. Not every government is so firmly committed to buying aircraft made nationally as France openly admits to being (though there would be considerable repercussions in Britain if any significant R.A.F. orders were ever placed for an entirely foreign design). But each of the main Nato partners has aircraft industries to sustain and is sure to insist upon some share of the development and manufacture. It may be, certainly, that the present ascendancy of the United States industry in providing combat aircraft for most Nato forces may pass. But the American industry has made manufacturing and licensing agreements with companies throughout Europe, in airframe, weapon and electronics development.

One quite certain area of British participation in all Nato military aircraft planning is in the supply of engines. Virtually all the vertical take-off or short take-off aircraft now being developed are built around

(*Continued on following page*)

Two sketches showing uses of the Pegasus lift/thrust ducted fan engine for vertical take-off. Above is a four-engined tactical transport with lift engines in the wingtip pods and below a twin-engined transport



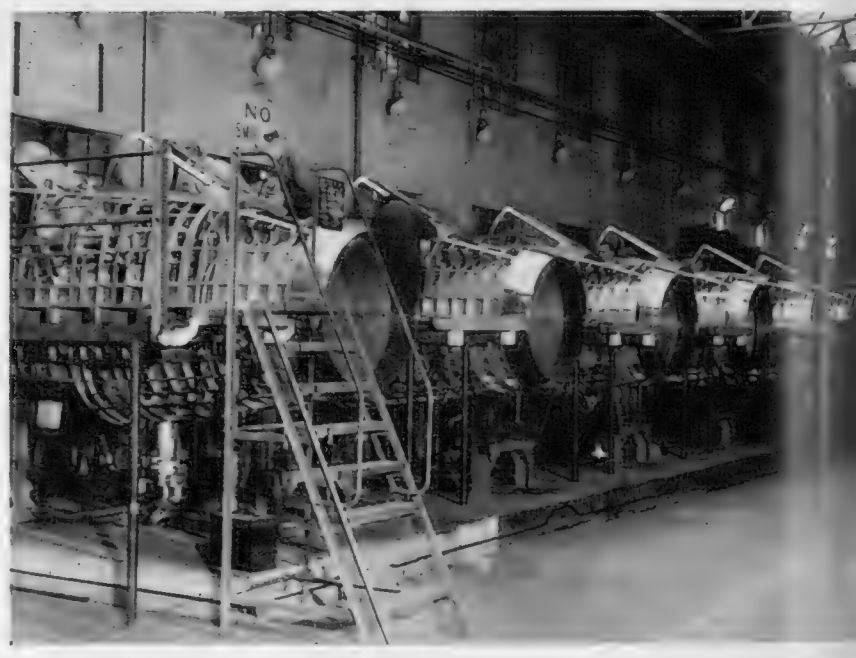
The British Aircraft Corporation's Lightning Mark 5 all-weather, supersonic, operational trainer on its first flight from Filton, Bristol, at the end of March. It was piloted by Mr. James Dell, chief test pilot of English Electric Aviation. **Below:** Production line of Lightnings at English Electric's Preston factory

BUILDING MILITARY AIRCRAFT

(*Continued from previous page*)

Rolls-Royce or Bristol engines designed specifically for this purpose, be the aircraft French, German, American or British. This has involved both of Britain's engine groups in very heavy development expenditure, often entirely at their own risk; and since there is only a narrow range of eventual requirements to be filled, the risk is a very real one. The British Government may be committed to steer business to both of these vital groups—Rolls-Royce alone accounts for a very large proportion of Britain's whole aircraft industry export effort—but Nato is not so committed.

This brief summary of the military demands and problems facing the British aircraft industry has deliberately ignored the better-publicised sector of its activities, the development of civil aircraft. Defence expenditure on development and production, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft said recently, still accounts for perhaps £300,000,000 annually, out of the industry's total turnover of perhaps £550,000,000 a year; the military share of production alone will be smaller. Both sides of the industry's activity have separate and considerable risks, and depend in large degree upon the decisions of very few buyers—the headquarters of national or allied air forces, and the managements of the world's leading airlines. Neither can be quite cold-bloodedly separated from nationalistic attitudes. Yet the British industry, for all the external criticism and internal anxieties with which it is beset, remains the largest and most strongly based in Europe.



TRENCHARD

Andrew Boyle's biography reviewed by
Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby

" Trenchard was a great man: great in stature, great in courage and great in achievement." Few would quarrel with this tribute to Trenchard by the present Prime Minister, even among those who did not agree with his views. But to those who served under him in the Royal Air Force the sub-title of Andrew Boyle's biography, TRENCHARD: MAN OF VISION (Collins. 45s.), is the most apt description of him. For he was, above all, a man of vision.

During his long life he had three careers. He served in the Army in India, South Africa, and Nigeria from 1893 to 1912. He was seriously wounded in the South African War, and his service in Nigeria was distinguished by courage and originality. In 1912, at the age of thirty-nine, he learned to fly and joined the Royal Flying Corps. He was never much of a pilot, but soon showed himself an excellent leader of air forces. After holding a number of senior appointments he succeeded Sir David Henderson in command of the R.F.C. in France in August 1915. Soon after the formation of the Royal Air Force in April 1918, he commanded the Independent Air Force, the first formation organised for strategic air bombardment.

But it was his ten years as Chief of the Air Staff that earned Trenchard his lasting fame in the Royal Air Force. During that time he had to face a long series of inquiries at Ministerial level into the continued existence of the Air Force as a separate Service. When he left, in December 1929, its future was assured and it was organised on sound lines. Had Trenchard lost the battle and the Air Force been divided between the Navy and the Army, it is inconceivable that we could have won the Battle of Britain in 1940, and nothing could have prevented Germany from winning the Second World War.

In 1931 Trenchard became Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. He was reluctant to accept the post, but having been persuaded to accept it, he reorganised the Force and left his mark upon it as surely as he did upon the Air Force.

'Trenchard was a firm believer in the air offensive, and knew that the long-range bomber was the instrument of air power. He reacted strongly when, in 1937, the Government decided to give first priority to air defence and the production of fighters. He was, of course, right in theory but he could not realise that it was too late to adopt any other policy. Since we had failed to build a bomber force powerful enough to carry the war into the enemy's skies, we would have to adopt the defensive in the air when war came. The crucial air battle would be fought in the skies over Britain, and it was essential that we should win it.

The author of this biography has succeeded in understanding Trenchard's rather complex character. He was supremely honest and straightforward, but his mind was surprisingly subtle and perceptive. It is a pity that the book is so long (788 pages). Trenchard would not have appreciated this verbosity, for he shared Churchill's liking for brevity and forcefulness. But, having entered this mild protest, it is right to say that this is a fine book, worthy of its subject, and one which should be read as widely as possible.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

J. S. Hutchison

The chairman of the British Oxygen Company Limited since 1950, Mr. Hutchison has a comprehensive knowledge of the oxygen industry gained from a long-standing association. A Scottish chartered accountant, he became particularly interested in the business management activities in which his accountancy firm specialised and was closely connected in the 1920's with large-scale shipbreaking where oxygen needs led to the introduction of liquid oxygen to Britain. Mr. Hutchison has played a leading part in recent years in the establishment of tonnage oxygen plants to meet the British steel industry's need for process oxygen. He was so convinced of the future of tonnage oxygen that the first five plants were built without a firm order. Today British Oxygen has plants for this purpose in operation, or under construction, of a capacity of 4,500 tons of oxygen per day. James Seller Hutchison was born in 1904 in Glasgow and was educated at Greenock Academy and Glasgow University. He became a chartered accountant in 1928 and a director of British Oxygen in 1940. As chairman he keeps in close touch with the overseas associated companies of British Oxygen throughout the Commonwealth. This involves considerable travel. When younger he was fond of exploring his native Scotland, especially the wilder parts. This has had to give way to the less time-taking pastimes of gardening and not too serious golf. Married, with two daughters, Mr. Hutchison lives at Esher in Surrey

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

PROFITS IN POWER

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

A 40 per cent. increase in profits and a 3 per cent. dividend rise—these are the features of impressive results recently reported by Crofts Engineers. Against the background of falling profits, now being widely announced in many sections of industry, Crofts' excellent figures stand out even more sharply.

Crofts' business is power transmission equipment, where it ranks among the world's leading firms. Production of power transmission is carried on by a small group of companies in Britain who act as suppliers to a wide sector of the general engineering industry. Demand for power transmission equipment reflects the overall level of capital investment in industry. On top of this, power transmission firms stand to benefit from the world-wide trend towards the more widespread use of capital equipment, as opposed to labour, by industry. As their sales grow, the power transmission firms should also gain from the growing volume of replacement demand as accessories have to be renewed. Groups like the power transmission manufacturers tend to receive less than their fair share of public attention. The industry is not neatly demarcated and the power transmission makers do not deal directly with the public or even with a single group of customers.

In Britain, power transmission production tends to be concentrated in the north, possibly because of the traditional links with general engineering formed through the development of wool and cotton milling machinery. Crofts are based on Bradford, while the privately-controlled David Brown Corporation, makers of gears used in power transmission, operate from Huddersfield. Fenner, another important group, have their headquarters in the East Riding of Yorkshire, while Pollard Ball and Roller Bearing also have two important factories in Yorkshire. Pollard (formerly Ferrybridge Industries) are also well known for their ball and allied bearings.

Crofts, a £7,000,000 concern, have established a reputation in the City for their expansion record. Apart from a slight setback in 1958, profits have grown steadily, rising to over £800,000 last year. Over the last five years, shareholders' dividend rate has been increased from an effective 12 per cent. to 20 per cent.

Pollard is the other large group to have attracted City interest, mainly because of the dramatic improvement in profits following reorganisation of the old Ferrybridge Industries. In the early 1950's, shareholders had to go without any dividend for three years in succession. Then followed a period of strong recovery, helped by the acquisition of the Hanwell Engineering group, with sizeable extra funds also being provided by Pollard shareholders.

Fenner, another Yorkshire concern, is probably best known for belt drives and conveyor belts. Apart from accounting difficulties caused by a change of the financial year, Fenner's record—by contrast with Pollard's—has been one of steady progress. Like most of the other transmission firms, Fenner showed only slowly growing profits in 1957-58, when overall industrial expansion was checked.

Two ancillary industries—gears and bearings—operate alongside Britain's power transmission firms. Outside the North of England, two well-known firms include E. N. V. Engineering, of London, who make a wide range of gears, and Skefko Ball Bearing, an offshoot of the large Swedish S. K. F. group. Skefko, whose shares can be freely bought in the City, are a major unit in the bearing industry, commanding £13,000,000 of assets.

Skefko shows a record, unusual for a company of its size, of unbroken profit expansion. Net income has more than doubled since 1954, rising from rather less than £750,000 in that year to more than £1,500,000 in 1961. Dividends on the shares—just over half of which are held by the Swedish parent concern—have risen by one-third since 1958 alone.

E.N.V. Engineering operate in the gear business, the other major ancillary trade to power transmission firms. E.N.V. profits have grown over recent years, though year-to-year results have fluctuated following the changing pattern of sales to commercial vehicle manufacturers. But the group's basic gear business—centred on Willesden—has modified the extent of these fluctuations. Between 1954 and 1957 earnings moved fairly narrowly in the £200,000-£225,000 range and have since improved to around £300,000. Dividends, too, have increased with part of a 1958 free share issue being made in Preferences.

Power transmission can fairly claim to be a neglected expansion industry. Unlike some other growth sectors, it has the great advantage that any setback is unlikely to be sharp. Power transmission, with its ancillary gear and ball bearing side, is securely based on one of Britain's leading industries, engineering.

For investors, Crofts stands out as one of the leading transmission shares offering a current dividend yield of around 4 per cent. For people concerned with capital growth possibilities rather than present income, Pollard Bearing should appeal. Outside power transmission itself, Skefko emerges as the leading bearing supplier. Power transmission, gears and bearings have less glamour than many investment sectors and less direct appeal to consumers. But this is the type of industry that is now gaining favour in the City.

Cable runs in Tumut 2 Underground Power Station, which is part of the Snowy Mountains Hydr Australia. The cables are made by British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. The Sno south-west of Canberra and include the highest peaks in Australia. The £A400,000,000 scheme

THE VOICE OF

CANADA

Plenty of potheads for the mink farmers

Newfoundland's mink ranchers have no worries this year regarding food supplies for their animals. Thanks to an abundance of pothead whales off the coast last summer, the mink's larder is still well stocked. Last summer Newfoundland fishermen brought in more than 5,000 potheads.

The pothead whale, a docile creature, measures up to 20 ft. in length and weighs up to 3 tons. The pothead " drive " or " round-up " is a community effort in south-eastern Newfoundland, where the mink ranches flourish, with all participants sharing in the financial returns on an equal basis.

From right, Mr. Benzies, of the New Zealand Apple and Pear Board; Mrs. Watson; Mr. T. L. Macdonald, the New Zealand High Commissioner in London; and Mrs. Macdonald, try the first 1962 shipment of New Zealand Cox's apples at Covent Garden. **Right:** Mr. Macdonald sees a New Zealand lamb carcase at Smithfield

Electric Scheme in South-East
Mountains are a range to the
due to be completed in 1975

Seated on the couch in the centre are the Prime Minister of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman and Mr. Watkinson, Britain's Minister of Defence. The latter was in Kuala Lumpur for talks with the Malayan Minister of Defence, Tun Abdul Razak (right). On the left is Sir Geofroy Tory, the British High Commissioner. After the talks, Mr. Watkinson said that a blueprint for the defence of Malaysia should be ready in three months

To round up the potheads the fisherman uses noise as his principal weapon. Dozens of small boats (25-footers) move quietly out to form an arc on the seaward side of the unsuspecting whales. When the boats are all in place the fishermen create a great uproar and the boats gradually close in on the whales. Herds numbering several hundred are usually driven into shallow waters without injury to the small boat operators. Once in shallow water the potheads are dispatched with hand harpoons. Power winches haul the shining black carcasses over specially constructed ramps to the shore for cutting operations.

Mixed in proper proportions with fish scrap, cereal and other ingredients, whale meat and liver constitute a vitamin-rich diet for mink.

THE COMMONWEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

BOOK REVIEW

A flying eye doctor and her adventures

Trachoma, an infectious eye disease first recorded in history nearly 5,000 years ago in the papyrus scrolls of Imhotep, eye doctor to the Pharaoh Zoser of Ancient Egypt, is the villain of Caroline Gye's book, THE COCKNEY AND THE CROCODILE (Faber and Faber. 25s.). Research into the incidence of trachoma among Australian aborigines was the reason for Miss Gye's travels with a small medical team in various remote parts of Australasia. The author, the cockney of the title, is a distinguished ophthalmic surgeon, who was at a loose end in Australia when her attention was drawn to an advertisement of the Royal Flying Doctor Service, which was the start of her adventures. The crocodile was the first one which she shot, which symbolised the adventure she was experiencing. Of the 24,398 persons she examined, each with two sets of eyelids, 10,227 had signs of trachoma; and the research was only the beginning of attempts to combat the disease.

Apart from its medical backbone, the book maintains a constantly sprightly and observant narrative which makes it easily readable and sometimes highly humorous, as when she quotes a pseudo-medical dictionary used by aborigines which is sure to provide a fruitful field of study for those interested in living languages.

EXHIBITION

Young Commonwealth artists on show in London

The Commonwealth defies general definition; one can only point to certain specific examples of activity and say that, but for the Commonwealth, these would not exist. Such an "activity" is the work of the Young Commonwealth Artists group, holding its fourth annual exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, in London, until April 24. This is an exciting collection of paintings, sculpture and graphic work, showing the widely differing cultural roots contained in the Commonwealth. Mr. Robert Hyde, the chairman of the Y.C.A., a teacher at the St. Martin's School of Art, writes in the catalogue: "In visual form here are reflected the cultural, geographic and racial differences which the world has to resolve. Here are artists caught in the very vortex of this problem. Negroes, Chinese, Indians, Canadians and Australians, all a long way from their homelands struggling for a new supra-national orientation."

There is certainly splendid variety such as the large airy abstracts by Canadian Alan Mendes with titles like "Moon Marks" and "The Hills of Muchness"; two sombre crowd pictures by Ibrahim Hussein of Malaya; and colourful textiles by Gracey Tan of Singapore and Emmanuel Glover of Ghana. The most striking thing on show is the work of Frank Bowling from British Guiana, now at the Royal College of Art. Titled only as "paintings," these six canvases show a personal world of violence and death, suffering and insecurity, all executed with dramatic use of colour and innate sense of movement. One thinks of a mixture of Bratby and Bosch, but this comparison does not do justice to the impatient power of these pictures.

In the face of so much that seems of great promise it is sad to have to record that the Y.C.A. have considerable difficulties in making ends meet financially. At the time of the opening of the exhibition the only Commonwealth government to provide any help was that of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which donated £5. To quote Mr. Hyde again: "If each Commonwealth government made an annual grant of a mere £15 the future of the Young Commonwealth Artists would be assured."

COVENTRY'S TAPESTRY

The tapestry designed by Graham Sutherland hangs in position behind the High Altar in the new Cathedral at Coventry. Taking the place of a reredos and east window, it is nearly 75 ft. high and 38 ft. wide. The theme is " Christ in Glory," with " man " between His feet. Surrounding the central figure are four panels of the beasts mentioned in the Book of Revelation, Chapter IV. These are, from bottom right: the lion; the calf; the beast with a face as a man; and the flying eagle. The tapestry was woven in Aubusson, in France, and the cost was subscribed by an anonymous donor living in Coventry. The new Cathedral is to be consecrated on May 25. The spire and ruins of the old Cathedral, which was destroyed by German bombing in the war, are to be retained as a memorial shrine

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE PROLIFIC MRS. HENRY WOOD

On April 11, 1862, 100 years ago last Wednesday, *The Channings*, by Mrs. Henry Wood, was published. Now, I would not like you to think that this is the sort of information that I keep tucked away at the back of my mind: that I am centenary-minded. I am not. Broadly speaking, I am not in the least interested in what happened on any particular day 100 years ago, and I did not know this. I got this piece of information from a list of notable centenaries for 1962. Its presence in that list surprised me, as Damon Runyon would have said, " more than somewhat."

Mrs. Henry Wood is included (very concisely) in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Literature*, it is true: but, if you read books about English literature, even those devoted specifically to the literature of the Victorian era, you are very unlikely to find so much as a mention of Mrs. Henry Wood. And an authoritative work on the development of the English novel, which I have recently read, ignores her altogether. Offhand, I should have said that she is not the sort of author whose works you would expect to find in a list of notable centenaries. But there she was, and I had not read *The Channings*. To be absolutely truthful, I had never heard of it. It must, I thought, be an important book which I ought to read. So, with considerable difficulty, I got myself a copy.

Mind you, I had read Mrs. Henry Wood. In common, I suppose, with most people of my generation and upbringing I was given *East Lynne* and I must also have read a good deal of the six volumes of *Johnny Ludlow* (and can still remember some of it), for this was a favourite time-filler in our household when I was a child. It used to be handed out on wet Sunday evenings to keep me quiet. And since then, waiting for *The Channings*, I have read the quite fascinating *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles* and the biography by her son, *Memorials of Mrs. Henry Wood*. So now I feel fairly up to date.

Mrs. Henry Wood—her maiden name was Ellen Price—was born in Worcester in 1814. Her father was a glove manufacturer, and the family, though not wealthy, was comfortably off. Certainly Ellen Price did not lack for anything, either in childhood or later in life. In 1836 she married Henry Wood, who was far from being a nonentity, but the head of a large shipping and banking firm. After her marriage she lived for the most part in France, the wife of a man of wealth and position.

I think it is important to remember this. She did not write because she had to, she did not write for money, to support a family. She wrote because she wanted to, because she was a born story-teller. All the same it was money that first made her write. Her first book, *Danesbury House*, which was published in 1860, won a prize of £100 offered by the Scottish Temperance Society for a novel exposing the evils of drink. Mrs. Henry Wood did not need money, but she liked it.

The £100 fired her imagination. Her second novel, which followed a year later, was *East Lynne*. This became a raging success almost overnight. One angry lady is said to have smacked the face of an assistant who told her that he had not a copy left. It was certainly as widely read as any work by Dickens, much more widely read than many of her great contemporaries. When we remember that she was writing in the Golden Age of the English Novel, the age of the Brontës, Dickens, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Hardy, Trollope, this seems astonishing, for today she is virtually unknown. I do not believe that the reading public of the time was wholly uncritical. There must have been merit. Mrs. Henry Wood was a best-seller because she was most readable, because she told a very good story.

Of course, much of her work now seems ludicrous, so sentimental is it. Consider, for example, *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles*. Mrs. Haliburton is a virtuous and courageous woman. Owing to her husband's incurable illness the family fortune has been so reduced that she can no longer afford a servant. Says Mrs. Wood: " When a lady—a lady, mind you, and it is what Jane was—has had to put away her habits of refinement, and pin up her gown round her and turn to and cook." Well, that means nothing to us. Most of us know nothing of servants, and we dismiss that, and therefore the whole book, as the silly sentimentality of a snob. Incidentally, Mrs. Wood also uses the word " snob." In another of her books a poor boy, whose mother cannot afford a servant, is for that very reason contemptuously called " snob " by a rich boy. This usage is an interesting example of the way in which a word can change its meaning within a short space of time.

In Mrs. Wood's day these predicaments were little short of real tragedy. I find *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles* fascinating; perhaps fascinatingly funny. But Mrs. Wood wrote in all seriousness and good faith. Ignore (if you can) the sentiment and *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles* remains a very good story, a very good portrait of a brave woman in exceptionally difficult social circumstances.

It is too easy to be misled by Mrs. Wood's sentimentality. Of course, she is in no sense an artist. She was almost incredibly prolific and completely uncritical, so that her work is very uneven. And she was very much of her time, very much a " period piece," which accounts for the thick layers of sentiment. But she was at the same time a shrewd observer of human nature, and she was in the great topographical tradition of the Victorian novelists. Her Hestonleigh is the cathedral town of Worcester, accurately and lovingly depicted. And, underneath her sentimentality, there is a streak of tough realism. Mrs. Wood herself was pretty tough, I think; for, when her husband died, though she did not want for money—quite apart from his estate, *East Lynne*, which was translated into many languages and dramatised, brought her a fortune—she entered business on her own account, becoming proprietor and editor of the *Argosy* magazine and making a success of the venture.

Her realism is shown in books like *Johnny Ludlow*, which presents a minutely detailed picture of the daily life of a not well-off English squire and the small rural parish in which he lived; and some of it is very far from sentimental. Indeed, Mrs. Wood is a valuable recorder of the social scene of her time, a social scene of which Dickens had no knowledge whatever.

I see that I have said nothing about *The Channings*. Well, I have said that her work was uneven. I think that April 1862 must have been a pretty barren month from the point of view of the compiler of centenary lists.

The first visiting cars of spring are in a car park at Dartmeet, on Dartmoor, a well-known Devonshire beauty spot, where the East and West Dart Rivers meet. Dartmeet is known locally as Badger's Holt

BOOKS

THE AMERICAN INVASION

A provocative book on U.S. commercial infiltration of Britain; Aldous Huxley's new novel leads this week's long list of fiction

I had thought that the last American invasion of England was in 1777, when John Paul Jones sailed into the harbour of Whitehaven and overcame the resistance of both forts there. There are other kinds of "invasion" though, as we must recognise, and one of this week's most provocative books from the pen of a new life peer, with the help of a group of researchers, discusses such a one. THE AMERICAN INVASION (Blond. 18s.), by Mr. Francis Williams (I understand his title has not yet been chosen), deals crisply and coolly with the figures of commercial infiltration in the direction of U.S.A.-Britain; it studies the American influences and the American trends now wholeheartedly adopted over here, and it comes to the conclusion that there is "an exportable new civilisation that now moves implacably and steadily nearer to our shores." An informative appendix lists many of the principal companies here which are either wholly American owned or in which the major financial interest is American.

Lieutenant Francis Farewell, Royal Navy, was a pioneer, explorer and seaman of the type which Paul Jones might well have appreciated. He had fought under one of Nelson's favourite captains and was only twenty-one when he decided to go on half-pay and to become an East India merchant. This was the process of change which was, in the event, to lead him to explore the south-east coast of Africa and to become the founder of Natal. FEBANA (Peter Davies. 25s.) was the name given to him by the fierce and notorious Zulu chief, Tshaka, and it is the story of *Febana ka Mjoji* that Miss Elizabeth Parris Watt has written with admirable clarity and with a fine sense at once of the adventure and the significance of young Farewell's part in our history. A really worthwhile book.

JAM TOMORROW (Gollancz. 18s.) is the portrait of a charwoman: lovable, tough, optimistic and courageous, by Mrs. Margaret Norton, who employed her during five turbulent years when the robust little daily help struggled through a series of terrible personal trials. These included a husband jailed for bigamy and violent assault, one son in and out of prison and another mentally deficient, and a final crime of father against son, of such bestiality that one can only wonder that the mother's reason did not give way. But it didn't and Mrs. Norton has been able to tell the story of a part of that indomitable, even cheerful life.

ISLAND (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) is a new novel by Mr. Aldous Huxley and, as such, a literary event of real importance. It is now thirty years since Mr. Huxley wrote *Brave New World* and here, once again, we see him contemplating a form of Utopia, though this time a Utopia subjected to different forms of test and different conditions. Ironic, humorous, profound, intellectually honest: all these qualities continue to exist in his writing. Indeed, they are the basic components of the Huxley way of thinking as well as the Huxley style. His latest story bears comparison, on any level, with his work as a young man and that, I believe, is a rare and rather wonderful thing in the world of letters.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—in a scene from the new production at the Haymarket Theatre (see facing page) are Lady Teazle (Anna Massey); Joseph Surface (John Neville) and Sir Peter Teazle (Sir Ralph Richardson)

When "Q," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, died he left behind among his unpublished work, the incomplete manuscript of a novel conceived as a nineteenth-century version of the story of Tristan and Iseult. His Cornish home of Fowey, the Troy Town of his books, was the scene for the reconstruction and the characters were a Breton onion-seller and a pretty newly-wed girl, wife of a much older innkeeper. For many years the manuscript lay by, unfinished, and then Q's daughter gave it to Miss Daphne du Maurier and asked her to complete it; an extraordinarily difficult task for anyone who had not the imagination of Miss du Maurier or her ability to project herself into the ideas of her old friend. CASTLE DOR (Dent. 16s.) is the result and it is amazingly successful.

THE RULES OF THE GAME (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is an amusing study of one aspect of the contemporary scene: the career, both domestic and business, of a successful executive with too much time on his hands. Mr. Derek Barton writes crisply, even astringently, and his novel may be regarded either as an entertainment or a contemporary cautionary tale.

Nobody could say that this country had a particularly shining record in the matter of its treatment of old people, a state of affairs emphasised in Miss Norah Hoult's novel, THE LAST DAYS OF MISS JENKINSON (Hutchinson. 16s.). Nor, by the same token, could anyone deny that some ladies of advanced age are very difficult, and that fact, too, Miss Hoult takes into account in the course of

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THE WAY OUT WEST

Three works on early American history

In Francis Parkman America found a historian at once sensitive in spirit and masterly in his literary technique, one who bequeathed to us after all his prodigious labours an unforgettable picture of the struggle between France and Great Britain for colonial dominion in the wilderness bestriding the Mississippi. One of the finest of Parkman's books is THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). Here he paints the savage background of the forest and the Indian way of life as only it could be painted by one who had walked the trails, was an adept at woodcraft, and was a dead shot with a rifle. He immerses us in his theme completely. The central figure in *The Discovery of the Great West* is Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, that man of indomitable will who battled against nature and met his death in the course of his last expedition when seeking to establish a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. Though La Salle is Parkman's hero in this book, he is not blind to the flaws in his character. Parkman may have written his books for the general educated public of his day but more than that he was an historian's historian, delving deeply into facts and marshalling them for our instruction and entertainment.

No doubt America really needs another Parkman to sort out fact from fiction in the Wild West. Paul I. Wellman is one of the most respected of living Western historians, but like others before him he allows himself to be carried away by the sheer drama of his theme, and in A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS (Museum Press. 25s.) he builds up a highly dramatic picture of the legacy of crime which swept across America after the close of the Civil War. Mr. Wellman has one thing in common with Parkman; a deep knowledge of the area of which he writes. He has visited most of the places concerned in his story and wherever possible he has checked his facts with meticulous care. All that is lacking is perspective.

And now from the men who terrorised the West to the Winchester, the gun that won the West. Harold F. Williamson has written a monumental work about this famous weapon which the Confederates dubbed "that damned Yankee rifle that can be loaded on Sunday and fired all the week." The repeating rifle was indeed the key to the Indian wars, but not the Civil War. WINCHESTER is published in London by Thomas Yoseloff, Ltd. and issued through W. H. Allen at 63s.

It is natural to build up resistance when we are told that a young and scholarly German has produced a new book surveying the present strategic problems of the Western World. Helmut Schmidt, an up-and-coming Socialist member of the Federal German Parliament, a critic of German defence policy, can, despite these credentials, be sure of meeting such resistance for his book DEFENCE OR RETALIATION (Oliver and Boyd. 25s.). Readers of this English edition, however, will not regret the effort they make to follow the author's line of argument. He is a clear thinker and a lucid writer, who is determined that his country shall not be regarded either as the military or political spearhead of the West. He believes that Germany must not seek again to be a major power; that she must seek instead a true working relationship with all her neighbours.

Louisa E. Rhine's HIDDEN CHANNELS OF THE MIND (Gollancz. 25s.) makes the whole subject of extra-sensory perception intensely vivid to the reader, presenting it as she does in terms of actual human experience. Mrs. Rhine and her husband are conducting at Duke University in the U.S., laboratory experiments regarding these "hidden channels" that lie outside the five known senses, and this book is a collation of some of the more remarkable experiences which members of the public have recounted to them in letters which pour in from every part of the world.

Malcolm Donaldson's THE CANCER RIDDLE (Arthur Barker. 18s.) brings a strong message of hope to a bewildered world from one who has been fighting cancer for forty years. The author covers the field of research in a way that will be readily understood by the layman; his intention is to play some part in diminishing the appalling waste of life due to fear and ignorance.

Richard Edmonds

her warmly human and realistic story of personal relationships between the generations.

LOVE FROM BELINDA (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is a fresh and chirpy little first novel by Cherry Evans and is concerned with the ephemeral problems of the sixteen-year-old who is the narrator, her Best Friend and the slightly older people they both meet on their entrance into adult society. Light-hearted and unburdened by any specific message or moral. " For this relief. . . ."

Miss Kate Christie's THE WAITING GAME (Macmillan. 16s.) reviews the business of growing up from another point of view. Two girls adolescent during the '20's in an English town, both of them shy but imaginative, decide to plan objectives for their lives and then to play the waiting game till these should come to them. Sensitive, rather gloomy and admirably observed.

DIAMOND (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is a whopping big novel by Mr. Brian Glanville: the chronicle of a Jewish family, from the London of the '20's to contemporary London, taking in through its length the ramifications of relations, of marriages, of travel and of emigration. The fact that all these characters are Jewish is essential to Mr. Glanville's plot, part of its warp and woof, and this concentration of focus gives the book its very real value.

Mr. Paul Scott's novel, THE BIRDS OF PARADISE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.), has a distinction that is beyond question, a simple elegance of style which is perfectly fitted to the story of a man's essentially lonely life, beginning in security and with emblems of splendour only a hand's breadth away; continuing into maturity with the disappearance of the world as he had expected it to be and the emergence of a reality sometimes rewarding and more often bitter. Mr. Scott's hero, for I see him as precisely that, recollects his past from childhood in India, where his father was political agent in one of the princely states, through the interludes of a failure in marriage, and agony in a prisoner-of-war camp, to his present-day existence on a Pacific island near New Guinea. He is a thoughtful, humane and cultivated man, and the author has seen him as a human being in search of the deepest spiritual reality. A haunting as well as a wonderfully readable book.

THE FAVOURITE (W. H. Allen. 16s.) is Mlle Françoise Mallet-Joris's new novel, unexpectedly a strongly romantic though vigorous reconstruction of the life of Louise de La Fayette, beloved of King Louis XIII, and torn between the two factions of the Queen and the nobility on one side, and the King and Cardinal Richelieu on the other. Richelieu in many ways constituting a third and separate area of power. In the end the girl is persuaded that she has a religious vocation and enters a convent. I found this a fascinating work and another proof of the author's eminence among French novelists.

THE WAX FOUNDATION (Gollancz. 18s.) is an entertaining story about a section of what is often and accurately called the Lunatic Fringe in America. Miss Gwen Davenport has written, sometimes hilariously, sometimes with blood-chilling realism, about an ancient millionairess who leaves her huge, hideous house on the Hudson, and her huge, far more attractive fortune in a trust fund to be dedicated to the Improvement of Society. With scarcely a second's pause the place becomes peopled with cranks and Miss Davenport writes most divertingly about their antics.

THE NIGHT SEEKERS (Cassell. 16s.) is an adventure story-cum-thriller by Mr. Kenneth Royce, set in present-day Athens, and as exciting as one could wish, though I found a slight over-facility in the ending.

Vernon Fane

Charles (Daniel Massey); Joseph (John Neville); Lady Sneerwell (Meriel Forbes); Sir Oliver (Laurence Naismith); Maria (Pinkie Johnstone); Lady Teazle (Anna Massey); Sir Peter Teazle (Sir Ralph Richardson); and Rowley (Malcolm Keen)

Mrs. Candour (Margaret Rutherford); Joseph; Lady Sneerwell; Maria

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

at the Haymarket

Sheridan's classic social comedy of hypocrisy found out, now nearly 200 years old, stands the test of time remarkably well. Although Sir John Gielgud's production can scarcely be said to romp along, his awareness of the formal nature of the play provides a firm framework for the actors' talents. And these are notable, especially Sir Ralph Richardson as a human Sir Peter Teazle, Anna Massey, pert and dazzling as Lady Teazle, and above all Margaret Rutherford, decked in monstrous items of headgear, passing on horrendous scandals as though she were spitting out grape-pips.

First Gentleman (Benjamin Whitrow); Careless (Donald Burton); Sir Harry Bumper (Richard Easton); and Charles in the midst of a carouse. **Right** are Lady Teazle and Maria

TRAVEL

AZTECS, TOLTECS AND MAYANS

The second of two articles on Mexico

By **GORDON COOPER**

Mexico is a land of captivating contrasts, for in addition to the considerable attractions of Mexico City there are some lovely mountain and seaside resorts, where the winter climate especially is equable and where there is accommodation to suit all purses. And elsewhere there are the exciting monuments of the various pre-Spanish civilisations as well as of the Spanish Colonial period.

I have mentioned Cuernavaca as a recommended mountain resort. It is a beautiful spot, and in this flower-filled city you can still see the magnificent palace built by Cortes as a summer residence; it now houses the state legislature and contains some exciting Rivera murals. Taxco (5,897 ft.), one of the most picturesque towns in Mexico, is another gem of the Colonial period. And I also liked very much Oaxaca (5,098 ft.; pronounced *Wakaka*), a fascinating town and the centre for making excursions to many interesting Indian villages.

Acapulco (reached by frequent air services from Mexico City in under an hour) has a beauty that is hardly excelled by any other seaside resort in the world. It has been developed into a luxurious playground for American café society, yet prices there remain reasonable. For those who prefer quieter spots beside the sea I suggest either Puerto Vallarta or Barra de Navidad, both on the Pacific coast, while away from it all is Cozumel Island, a tropic paradise off the coast of Quintano Roo in the Yucatan peninsula. This can be reached by air from Merida (also linked by air with Mexico City). Smaller than Cozumel but equally attractive is the nearby island of Mujeres, but this can only be reached by launch from Puerto Juarez (50 minutes).

Many European visitors to Mexico will be most attracted by the monuments of its ancient culture. An archæological map of the country presents an almost overwhelming galaxy of sites. These treasured monuments, often covered by jungle growth, still in many cases await excavation. I would recommend the visitor to see Teotihuacán, an hour's drive from Mexico City, which reveals the life of an enormous metropolis, some 12 square miles in area. Here are the mammoth Aztec Pyramid of the Sun, the smaller Pyramid of the Moon and the vast Citadel, the whole comprising a city estimated to have had a population of 100,000 in its heyday.

Also easily reached from Mexico City is Tula, ancient capital of the Toltec Empire, which flourished between A.D. 900 and 1162, when it was destroyed. The most important monuments in this archæological zone are the pyramid of Quetzalcóatl, the Great Pyramid and the Serpent Wall. Also of interest are some gigantic stone figures that once supported the roof of the temple and a very fine statue of Tlaloc, the Rain God. In the nearby village of Tula there is an impressive sixteenth-century Augustinian monastery which shows Gothic and Moorish influences. A slight deviation, too, from the main road back to Mexico City, leads to Tepotzotlan, where there is a seminary founded by the Jesuits in 1584.

The Toltecs, incidentally, were a remarkable nation of people, thought by some to have come to America from the lost continent of Atlantis and to have later pushed on to Central America, where they founded the Mayan Empires. This is, of course, pure speculation. In any event, the Toltecs were far different from the other Indians. They have been described as being of light colour with hooked noses, full beards and wearing long tunics, like the Japanese. They were the first astronomers of Mexico, also fine architects, excellent farmers and knew many arts. They practised human sacrifice.

A 75-minute flight by airliner (Compania Mexicana de Aviacon, the first foreign airline to buy a Comet) brought me to Oaxaca, the " City of Jade," so-called because of the colour of the stone of the principal buildings. Here I lodged most comfortably in the Hotel Marques del Valle, in a room which had a small veranda facing on to the central plaza. With a glass of Mexican brandy and soda beside me, I sat in utter contentment listening to the magical music of the local marimba band in the small park below.

From Oaxaca, a short drive up into the mountains takes one to Monte Alban (Zapotec culture), perhaps the most spectacular of all the Mexican archæological sites. This city of the gods is incomparably magnificent. On a flattened hilltop the Zapotec architects laid out a huge rectangular court and raised pyramidal altars, mounted by great flights of steps.

Some remarkable pre-Columbian remains not far from Oaxaca are at Mitla. This means " Place of Eternal Rest " or " City of the Dead," and it was a tomb for kings, priests, and the nobility of the Zapotecs, later of the Mixtecs. The temple walls there are decorated within and without by geometrical patterns of a design found nowhere else in Central America. They seem to be inspired by textile designs, and even today the local peasants offer for sale pottery and textiles with similar motifs. In one underground chamber there is the *Column of Death*, a stone column round which you place your arms: the distance between your hands indicates how long you have to live.

On the road to Mitla, there stands an enormous water cypress over 2,000 years old, under whose shadow Cortes is said to have rested on his way to Honduras. Its enormous trunk is 130 ft. in circumference. In the State Museum at Oaxaca there are some beautiful gold, silver, jade and pearl jewels found at Monte Alban; this city is a good base for seeing various fiestas which take place throughout the year, including the typical " Feather Dancers."

My last, but by no means the least, mention is of the Mayan archæological zones in Yucatan. The capital of the state, Merida, can be reached from Mexico City, in three hours by air (Compania Mexicana de Aviacon). This attractive, clean city, with its handsome sixteenth-century Colonial mansions, is the starting-point for excursions to Chichén-Itzá, Uxmal and other Mayan sites. Bus services are available, while local travel agents (Barbachano's Travel Service rec.) arrange round tours, including overnight accommodation in first-class hotels at both Chichén-Itzá and Uxmal. The former zone, 75 miles from Merida, is the most famous and largest of the sites. These fabled ruins cover six square miles, but the most memorable monuments lie close together. They embrace the *Castillo*, a pyramid 100 ft. high, the *Temple of the Warriors*, with its army of columns, the *Temple of the Nuns*, where the virgins were kept before they were sacrificed at the *Sacred Well*, a huge pit deep with water, the *House of the Snail*, a Mayan observatory, and the *Ball Court*, of considerable extent where the Mayan teams played a kind of soccer with knees and elbows; it was the custom, too, for the captain of the losing team to be beheaded on the spot.

Uxmal, 50 miles from Merida, is second of the great Mayan ruins. The *House of the Governor*, the *Nunnery* and the *House of the Magician* are all remarkable for the harmony of their parts, which shows the Mayan's craftsmanship and understanding of the beauty inherent in nature and man. Both Uxmal and Chichén-Itzá present a paradox of magic and geometry, born of scientific speculation and religion, and in this distinct from the cities of the Aztecs, so much more conceived for terror and power.

NOTE: For further information, write to the Department of Tourism, 35 Reforma, Mexico City: they issue excellent booklets (in English) covering the archæological sites. There are several internal airlines in Mexico, but to reach this country the twice-weekly services maintained by Sabena are recommended. I advise any visitor to carry funds in the form of dollar travellers' cheques, for sterling can be difficult to change.

The impressive pile of the pyramid of the sun in Teotihuacán

Remains of a Mayan building at Chichén-Itzá in Yucatan

Gigantic stone figures at Tula, once the capital of the ancient Toltec Empire. Below: A marimba band in action. These are a traditional entertainment in Mexico

WINTER SPORTS IN SCOTLAND

This is one of the best winter sports seasons Scotland has experienced in recent years. All the hotels in the Cairngorm and Speyside area are booked up for the Easter period, and it looks as if good snow conditions will last until the end of May. There's quite 2 ft. of snow at Deidhu, a few miles out of Grantown-on-Spey, where there are some good, well-heated hotels; the Palace and the Ben Mhor in particular can be recommended. On Cairngorm itself there is anything up to 20 ft. of snow in places. It is firmly packed, easy to walk upon, but rather fast for inexperienced skiers. However, a 2-in. fall of powdered snow has provided a much more easily-manœuvrable surface.

The new chair-lift, costing £100,000, is working daily, taking skiers from 2,500 ft. up to 3,700 ft., just 500 ft. below the summit. As a result, the White Lady piste is seeing a lot of traffic these days: as many as twenty to thirty skiers can be seen at any time coming down the 1,000-ft. run. On the lower slopes beginners are everywhere to be seen, mostly in classes organised by the various ski-ing schools which have been set up in neighbouring resorts. In Aviemore and Nethybridge, there is a Swiss ski-ing school, in Carrbridge, an Austrian ski-ing school, and in Grantown-on-Spey, a Norwegian ski-ing school. Coaches packed with skiers leave the hotels every morning at 9.30 a.m. for the hills, bringing them back at sunset. The new ski-road to the chair-lift was recently blocked, but a rotary plough should have freed it by now, allowing cars to get up to the car park, within ten minutes' walk of the lower station. A magnificent cafeteria and restaurant called the White Lady Shieling is almost completed alongside. There 200 people can be accommodated at any one time. It is estimated that 3,000 people will be winter-sporting in the Cairngorms this Easter.

Anyone disappointed by lack of snow during the Christmas period in Switzerland and elsewhere may welcome the opportunity of taking a week's holiday in this area during May. The best place to stay at is, of course, Aviemore, but with a car Grantown-on-Spey, Carrbridge, Nethybridge and Boat of Garten are quite near at hand.

There is little doubt that with the expansion in hotel accommodation anticipated in the next few years, Speyside is likely to become an important winter sports region, especially when poor snow years can be made good with the intervention of snow-making machines, the latest device of many an American winter sports resort. Hotels are reasonable in price, 12, 13 and 14 guineas a week, is the average, with another 2 guineas for transport and tuition if required. This development has given new life to Highland hotels, with obvious improvements in the standards of food. The cold table on a Saturday night at the Carrbridge Hotel is already becoming a legend, and thanks to the good advice given by the Scottish Tourist Board, menus concentrate on local fare rather than pale imitations of international cuisine.

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MOTORING

TEN YEARS OF THE B.M.C.

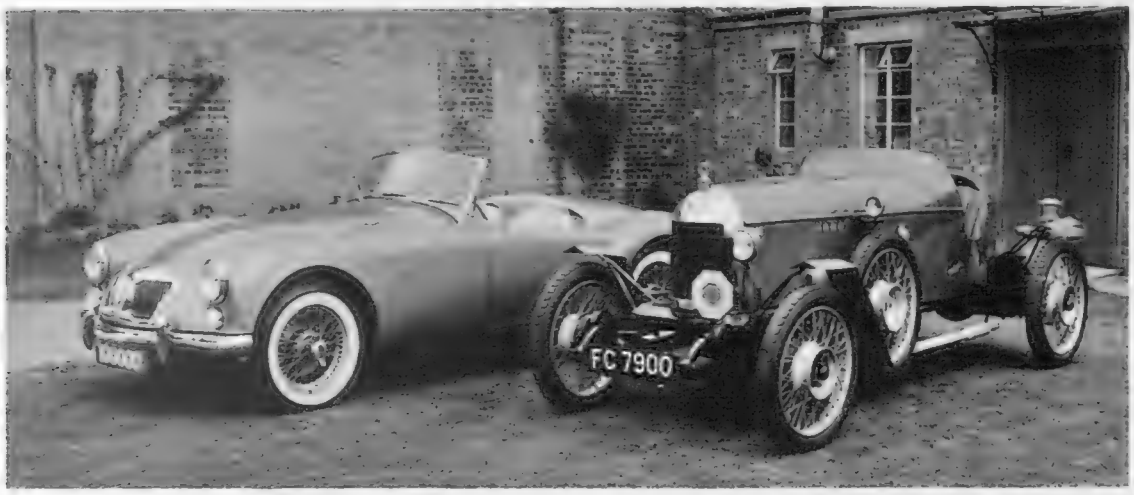
The 100,000th M.G.A; testing the new Renault Floride; Ford's new managing director

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Ten years after the formation of the British Motor Corporation by a merger of Austin and Nuffield all group design and development activities—except those relating to sports cars—have now been concentrated in a new £550,000 vehicle design block at Longbridge, Birmingham. Why has this taken so long?

Mr. Alec Issigonis, technical director, gave me the answer when I inspected the new design centre this week. " Up to five years ago," he said, " it would have been ridiculous to concentrate our design and development work in this way. You see, Austin and Nuffield still had their own range of models."

The brilliant designer of the Morris Minor and the B.M.C. Minis said he wished to state emphatically that although B.M.C. would continue its policy of engine, gear-box and body shell standardisation there would be no " blurring " of the present-day distinction between the various *marques*.



The 100,000th M.G.A and M.G. No. 1 which will go together to the New York Show

Critics who bluntly condemn the British motor industry for building too many different models should remember that in its ten years' existence B.M.C. has reduced a total of fourteen body shells to six, and twelve power plants to three; and has " commonised " on two four-speed and one three-speed gear-box and three axle designs.

At Longbridge I was given partial confirmation that a new front-wheel-drive B.M.C. model with a transversely-mounted engine like that used by the Minis is on its way.

" Although the last has not been seen of this transmission layout," I was told, " it will not of necessity be followed in future models powered by a second generation of B.M.C. engines, which are now being designed and which in some cases are under development."

Design and development work on sports models will continue at Abingdon, Berks, where cars are coming off the lines at the rate of 1,100 a week, 900 of them for export. B.M.C. claims nearly half the total sales of British sports cars in the U.S. last year, and there is no sign that the popularity of the Healeys and M.G.s is on the wane.

The 100,000th M.G.A has recently been built and B.M.C. proudly claims it is the first sports car of a single type to reach this production figure. Mr. George Harriman, B.M.C. chairman, has had the imagination to dress up the 100,000th M.G.A in gold and cream and send it to the U.S. where it will take its place in the New York Show this month alongside the Rover T4 turbocar. This is appropriate when one realises that 70,000 of all the M.G.As built so far have gone to America.

The M.G.A was designed by Mr. Syd Enever, chief engineer and designer of the M.G. Co. from 1954. Since it went into full production in 1955 there have been four variations, but the basic design has not been changed.

I am now at liberty to write about my recent test in France of the new Renault Floride models—the two-seat Speciale convertible and the four-seater fixed-head coupé—to which I briefly referred last week. It is a greatly-improved car, with a new engine, Lockheed disc brakes all round, a sealed cooling system, fewer greasing points, better steering and suspension and a new diaphragm-type clutch which has a lighter action and is more compact.

The most outstanding new feature is, of course, the engine, which has a five-bearing crankshaft, a capacity enlarged from 850 c.c. to 956 c.c. and a power output 20 per cent. greater than the old Floride. This new engine, of advanced design, is obviously capable of considerable development and we are likely to see it in various forms in future Renault models.

On my run of more than 500 miles from Paris to the Loire Valley and back I averaged 35 miles to the gallon, although I was frequently cruising at between 70 and 80 m.p.h. on France's straight and uncrowded roads.

The bucket seats are excellent and the finish of the new Florides is good. Because they have not altered the basic, Ghia-styled body shell there is still less elbow room than in the B.M.C. Mini. The floor-mounted gear lever is woolly and badly placed, the car is a bit noisy, there is too little accommodation for odds and ends and the brake and accelerator pedals are too close together, even allowing for the fact that I am a policeman's son.

But what a lively, sporty, good-looking little car this is! Many family men in France and elsewhere will be delighted that a four-seat version—the fixed-head Floride Caravelle—has been made possible by eliminating the folding hood and its space-consuming compartment and by taking advantage of the extra space made available by transferring the radiator from the front to behind the rear-mounted engine. The Florides will be on sale in Britain with right-hand drive next month.

Mr. J. A. Barke, the newly-appointed managing director of the Ford Motor Co., was in reminiscent mood when I lunched with him the other day. This tough, good-tempered Lancastrian recalled that when he joined Ford thirty years ago they had not yet finished putting the roof on the original Dagenham factory. He spoke of the excitement of producing the £100 Popular in 1935 and said: " At that time we were building only 450 cars a day. Now we are doing 2,500 and in the next three years we hope to go to 3,700 a day."

The new Ford boss, who succeeded Mr. Charles Thacker, was full of confidence about the future of Ford but is under no illusions about the bitterness of the sales battle that lies ahead in Europe. He hopes to improve labour relations at Dagenham and the firm's fifteen other plants until they are the best in Europe.

He has already strengthened the Ford Public Relations set-up, which is now controlled by Mr. Walter Hayes, an old *Daily Mail* colleague of mine. Further evidence of the new fighting spirit that is developing at Ford is given by the appointment of Mr. Syd Henson, a well-known and popular figure in motor sport, as competitions manager for Ford.

Lord Brabazon of Tara, chairman of V.W. Motors, Ltd., U.K. Volkswagen concessionaires, went to Ramsgate last week to open a new plant, the most up to date of its kind in Britain, for preparing for the British market the Volkswagens imported to the U.K. with a coating of protective wax.

They all arrive at Ramsgate completely assembled, and formerly the de-waxing process was a lengthy business carried out by hand. Now it is done automatically in a preparation plant with two separate production lines and provision for a third. Present capacity is one vehicle every 7½ minutes. Eventually it will be twenty-four an hour.

The Practitioner, distinguished journal of the medical profession, has rendered a valuable service to the cause of road safety by publishing, in its current issue, a symposium of articles by leading experts on the major aspects of this depressing subject. Seldom has the road accident scourge been put under the microscope so thoroughly in a single publication. It should be closely studied by all concerned with the prevention of road accidents, which one contributor to *The Practitioner* symposium describes as having reached " epidemic proportions."

The point is made that accidents now rank as the leading cause of death at all ages below thirty-five and that this fact implies an enormous wastage of potential " life years." In a punchy foreword the Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples, recognises the fact that doctors have a highly-specialised interest in road accidents and makes the point that one of his Ministry's biggest road-safety problems is to change the attitude of mind of that large proportion of the population " who know that accidents happen to other people—but never to themselves."

Briefly . . . *Fun on Wheels*, published by Frederick Muller in collaboration with the A.A., is a book written by the U.S. TV personality Dave Garroway (and which I have had the pleasure of revising for use in Britain) with the object of helping road safety by keeping children amused on long car journeys. It contains 150 games and puzzles and costs 8s. 6d.

The Autocar has collected nineteen of its latest road test reports into a spring volume costing 7s. 6d. and published by Iliffe Books, Ltd. Manufacturers in six different countries are represented. . . . Fanum House, Reading, one of the A.A.'s thirty-six area and branch offices, has been modernised to serve 85,000 members in Berks, Bucks and Oxon.

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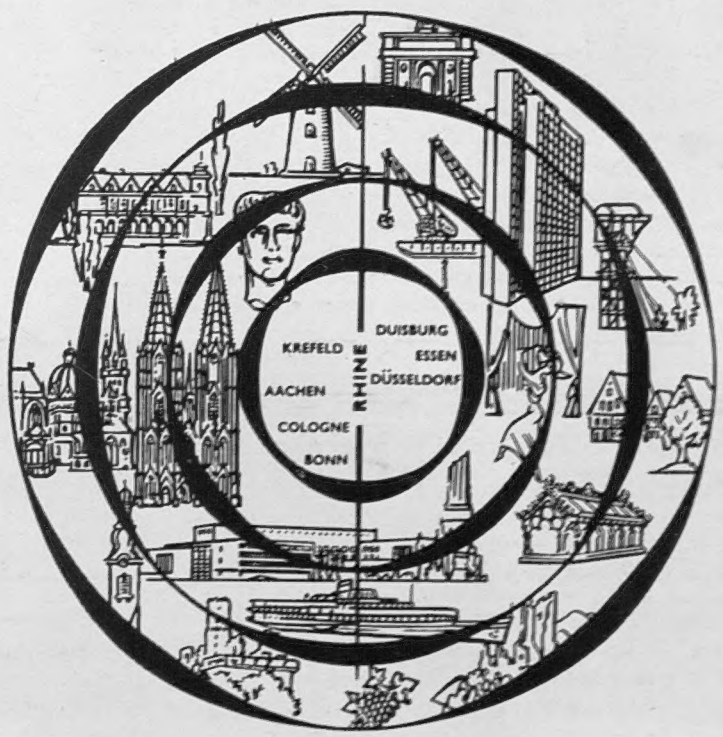

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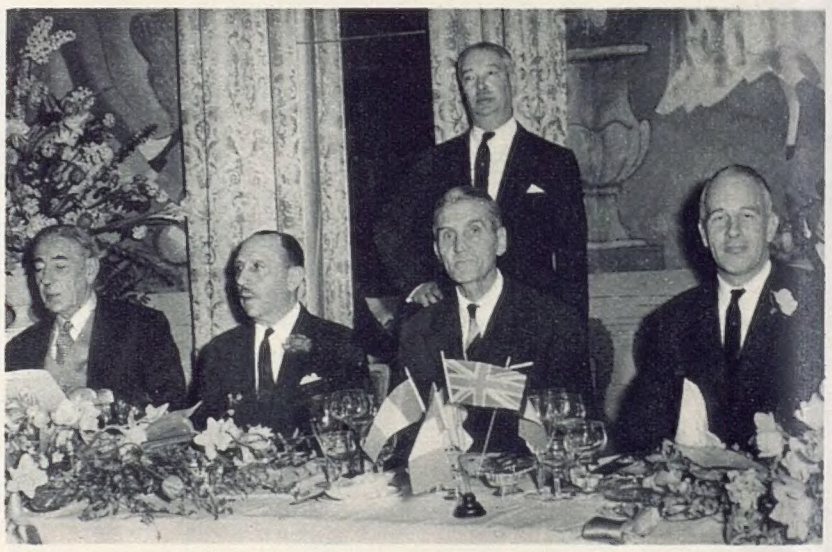
GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

" Sample to Europe," the gargantuan luncheon given at the Café Royal, in London, by the alliance of Mr. Charles Forte and Mr. Richard Trehane, chairman of the British Farm Produce Council, was a magnificently generous and lavish gesture. Its proclaimed purpose was to show the rest of Europe the excellence of the best quality produce from British farms. It was superbly staged in a spacious room on the sixth floor of the Café, with attractive displays of British meat and fresh vegetables greeting the guests on arrival.

The tables were arranged in a stylised horseshoe shape and beautifully decorated with flowers. M. Georges Carpentier, the famous French heavyweight boxer of forty years ago, was the guest of honour and made a charming speech in praise of English food. Other guests included prominent visitors credited with gastronomic prominence from the Common Market countries.

The presentation of such a gigantic meal, its composition and planning, involves as much art as technical skill. Personal opinions are bound to differ, and so I hope that my remarks will not be regarded as anything more than the expression of my own personal reactions. No fault could be found with the first two courses. The Soufflé of Smoked Haddock was featherlight with a perfect delicate flavour, and the Chicken Broth, fortified with knuckle of veal, barley and vegetables, was also above reproach. The cold Scotch salmon which followed seemed a little dry to my taste. For the main meat course we were



At the " Sample to Europe " luncheon in London, seated at the table are, from left: Sir William Mabane; Mr. Charles Forte; M. Georges Carpentier and Mr. Richard Trehane

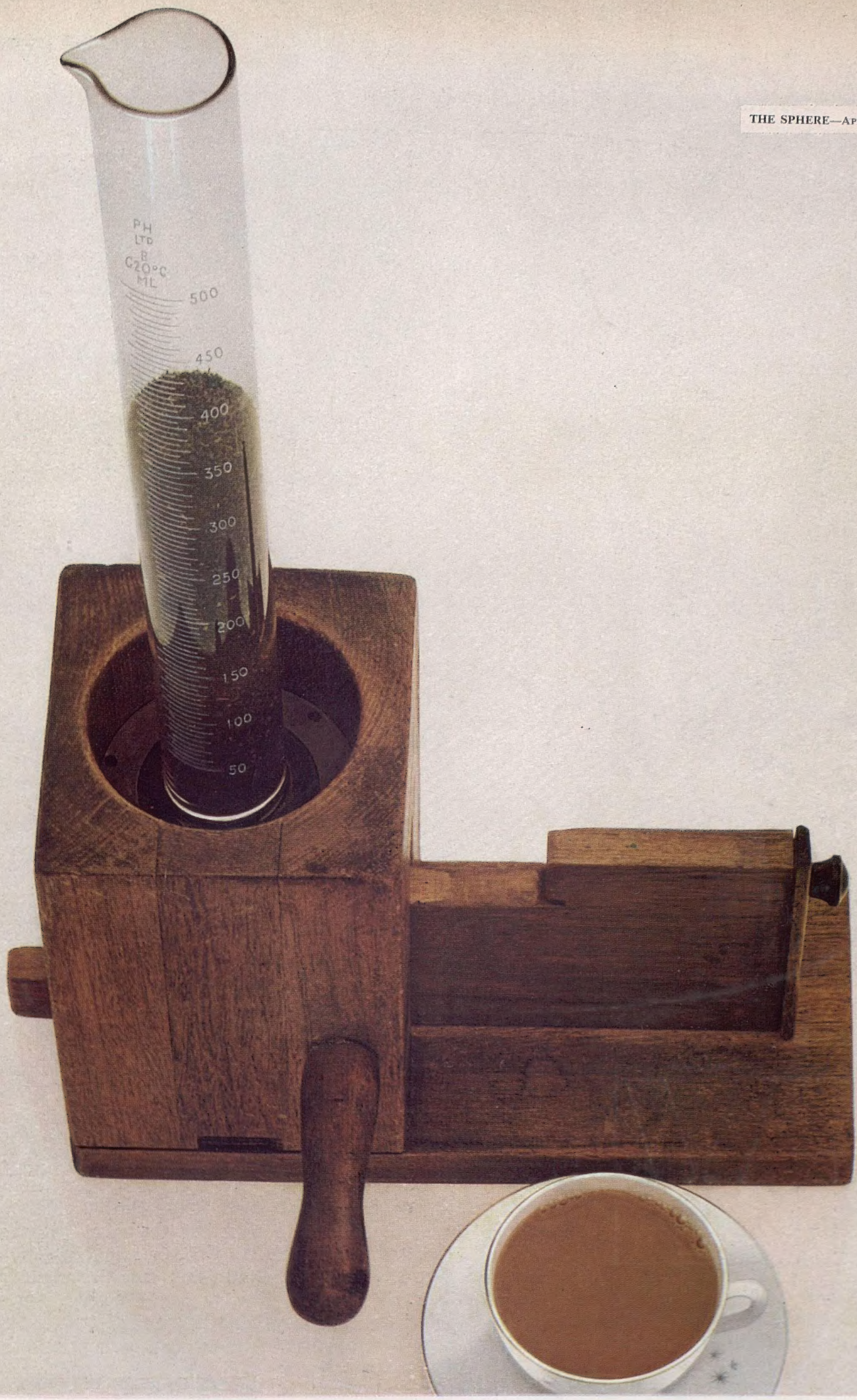
most impressed by the sight of the Dorset veal arranged in crowns. These looked magnificent, but when the meat was carved and on our plates, it failed to fulfil the great expectations. One wonders why veal, which is by no means our strongest suit, was served instead of English lamb or Scotch beef.

After mint water ice and a black cigarette, we were off again; this time to savour a speciality of the Café Royal since 1865: York Ham with Champagne. The ham was cooked in the ordinary way, not too much, so that it could be sliced very thinly. On to these thin slices on our plates waiters splashed champagne—an interesting dish. For " pudding " we had Eton Mess: fresh strawberries with whipped Devon cream and shortcake, rich and delicious. The traditional savoury of Angels on Horseback completed the business of serious eating, and we concluded with fresh fruit and coffee. At the end of it all we were surprised how well we lasted the course—ten courses, in fact.

Judgment on the choice of wines must be considered even more a matter of individual opinion. We started with a simple but pleasant young Luxembourg Moselle, Rulander Pinot Gris 1960; with the salmon we drank a beautiful fruity Hock, Schloss Vollrads Kabinett 1959; then, to my surprise, with the veal we had Château la Mission Haut Brion 1955, served straight from magnums without having been decanted. This wine was disappointing, for it has not yet reached its peak. Ayala 1953 Extra Dry was the obvious and perfect choice with the York ham, and to bring in another member of the Common Market family, no doubt, Brolio Vin Santo 1950, a rich dessert wine partnered the Eton Mess. So far, so good, but what came next went against the grain of my gastronomic sense. We were given, after five good wines, a beer, although it was called " barley wine." Who knows, perhaps someone was misled by its name. Drambuie concluded the series.

In spite of my strictures, let me end by stressing the unparalleled generosity and lavishness of this very remarkable and memorable occasion.

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by Martlet Press Ltd., 88–94, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.
Saturday, April 14, 1962. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.



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In our crime series, once again we break old ground, while making it more certain than ever before that no-body will recognise the real murderer. Titles and credits obscure the view of the face reflected in the top of the water butt. The blue wall-flower embroidered on the dirty washing bag of the schizophrenic hall porter is never explained, nor is it certain whether the slow "Ping" is a sound effect or symbolic music. The woman screaming when she looked into the washing machine was a clue, but we purposely left unexplained why, when the gangsters flung the two dead men in the doorway, the guests went on eating hot *hors d'oeuvres* as if nothing had happened.

It was our idea to play the actual murder by flash-back in darkness and it was up to the audience to spot the criminal and not get him mixed up with the reconstructed corpse, even if both did bear a superficial resemblance to the chief detective, who had the lights full on him for the first time just when, because there was only five minutes to go before Fad Time, we had to start running the titles and credits for the end of the programme.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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